National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 13. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854. WHOLE NO. 741.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY (ON SATURDAY),
At $2 per annum,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, 142 Nassau St., New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

THE STANDARD.

SLAVE-PIETY IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Editors of the National A. S. Standard:

THE "Journal of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States," for 1853, contains a report of the State of the Church in each Diocese, for the last three years. On turning to the report for South Carolina, we find the following astounding statement:

"The welfare of the slave population has long been earnestly cared for. * * * In thirteen parishes, and in the aggregate of all the parishes, MORE OF THEM THAN OF WHITE PERSONS ARE COMMUNICANTS—NEARLY THREE TIMES AS MANY OF THEM AS OF THE WHITE HAVE BEEN BAPTIZED SINCE OUR LAST REPORT."

Incredible as this statement seems, it is fully confirmed by the following statistics, viz.:

Confirmed by the Bishop,	Whites,	455	Blacks,	441
Baptisms—Infant,	"	851	"	1,838
" Adult,	"	91	"	755
Communicants,	"	2,770	"	2,827
Sunday School Scholars,	"	937	"	1,146
Marriages,	"	255	"	288

Surely, ignorance is the mother of devotion, and the slave-code a blessed means of grace! In the rite of confirmation alone are the blacks surpassed in number by the privileged class. Of those who in riper years renewed their baptismal vows, and renounced "*the vain pomp and glory of the world*," the *chattels* were only 14 less in number than those who had something to renounce. This deficiency, no doubt, arose from the fact that the Bishop did not, like the parochial clergy, generally visit the plantations. Even in the observance of "Holy Matrimony," the slaves seem to have been more scrupulous than their masters. But then it should be recollected that the law imposes no restraint on the number of their wives, while to the master it accords only one at a time.

It does really seem that, in this Diocese, the promise of our Lord, "For whomsoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance," has been reversed. The white Episcopalians have a Bishop, 65 Priests and 68 churches. They have as many Bibles, Prayer-books, tracts and religious books as they please to read. Yet, notwithstanding the abundance of the means of grace with which they are favoured, and with liberty and leisure to use them all, they are, it seems, surpassed in obedience to the ordinances of the Gospel, by their wretched slaves. These last have none of their own race to minister to them in holy things, no one of them may legally read a line of the Bible, nor may he *listen* to a sermon or a prayer without the permission of another; and all are liable to be driven to, or from, any place of worship whatever, or confined on the plantation, at the pleasure of the master or his overseer. Surely, to the slave especially it would seem that "straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." But not so to the *Episcopal* slaves in South Carolina; to them "wide is the gate and broad is the way."

The wonderful growth in grace of these Carolina negroes may perhaps spring from some charm in the Liturgy, or some divine potency in the Thirty-Nine Articles. But if so, how comes it that the Liturgy and Articles have no similar effects on Virginia negroes? The clergy of Virginia are more numerous than those of South Carolina, and at least equal to them in zeal, while the slaves also are greater in number. Yet, strange to say, the slave baptisms in Virginia are only 433 to 2,314 among the whites, while in South Carolina the slave baptisms exceed those of the whites in either Diocese! The black communicants in Virginia are not mentioned, being probably too few to boast of, while in the sister State they exceed the whites!

In all soberness, how are we to solve the spiritual enigma presented by the report from South Carolina? Why is it that we find the poor, miserable, degraded, unlettered slaves walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, if not more blameless, yet in greater numbers than those who enjoy all the means and opportunity of knowing and doing their duty? What is it that drives these slaves in such crowds to the font and and to the altar, and to the Sunday School, and, under laws which lay no restraint on polygamy, leads them to regard Christian marriage with more reverence than even the whites themselves? We answer unhesitatingly, the POWER OF THE WHIP.

The great mission of the State of South Carolina is to proclaim the blessings of human bondage, and to vindicate as right and holy the chattelization of MAN. In the prosecution of this mission, the Politicians and the professed Ministers of Jesus Christ have entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive.

Of all objections to slavery, the one which gives most trouble to its clerical champions is its hostility to Christian faith and practice in its victims. Professionally compelled to maintain the infinite value of every human soul, they cannot estimate a negro's soul in sugar and cotton. It is, moreover, their peculiar function to point out to their hearers certain means of grace, as necessary to salvation, and to urge their constant and faithful use; and yet they well know that to no one of these means has the slave a *legal* right, but that he may be deprived of all of them by his master. How, then, can these Rev. gentlemen vindicate an institution which, in its legal character and general practical effect, is essentially heathen? Why, by showing that slavery, in spite of all theories to the contrary, is *in fact* a most evangelizing and sanctifying condition of life. Here we have it proved by *figures* that the Carolina slave is nearer the Kingdom than the white man, and that the fruits of righteousness find their most congenial soil in the cotton field.

The Anti-Slavery Agitation has driven the Southern Clergy to make extraordinary efforts to Christianize the slaves. The first step usually taken by Protestant Missionaries in converting the heathen is, to make them acquainted with the Bible, and to establish schools in which the children may be taught to read it. But far from Christ's ministers at the South is the fanaticism that would put into the hands of millions of slaves the volume of inspiration, or furnish their children with such dangerous playthings as the letters of the alphabet.

In 1835, the slaveholders in Charleston became disquieted by the instruction, meagre as it was, that was given to *free* black children in the Sunday Schools of the several Churches. They could keep their own slaves in mental darkness, and it was intimated to the clergy that the free blacks had too much light. Forthwith the doors of the Sunday Schools were closed against the unhappy and unoffending children, not by the law of the land, but by order of the CLERGY. These obedient and most obsequious ministers received from a public meeting in Charleston the following certificate of their good behaviour; a certificate that will not probably avail much in the great day of account:

"Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting are due to the Rev. Gentlemen of the Clergy of this city, who have so *promptly* and so *effectually* responded to the public sentiment, by suspending their Schools in which the *free* coloured population were taught."

The conduct of the Carolina Clergy has long been in accordance with this base act of servility to the Slave Power. We have no reason to believe that there is now one minister in the State who has ever denounced as wicked those various laws encouraging vice and immorality, and restraining religious instruction as well as destroying all liberty of conscience, which, if applied by Christian legislators to any other than *black* heathen, would by every Clergyman in the land be regarded as atrocious and devilish tyranny. We resist the temptation of specifying some of the various offerings which Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist Ministers in South Carolina have presented to the demon of Slavery. We confine our remarks to the staid, conservative, *genteel* Episcopalians.

The Rev. Dr. Dalcho, of St. Michaels, Charleston, was one of the first of the American Clergy who prostituted his pen and sacred calling in vindicating the "sum of all villanies."* Bishop Bowen, in an address to the Convention, denounced "the ill-advised, absurd and malignant philanthropy of abolition," a philanthropy professed by the whole of Christendom not interested in human shambles. This Right Rev. Father had the hardihood and effrontery to contrast the "savageism and outlawry" attending emancipation with "domestic servitude under the benign influence of Christian principles and Christian institutions"! Principles and institutions which he well knew gave perfect legal impunity to the vilest outrages on wives and daughters, provided their value in the market was not thereby impaired, and which keep thousands and tens of thousands of immortal and accountable beings, for whom the Saviour died, in brutal degradation and heathen darkness.

The Rev. G. W. Freeman, now Bishop of Texas, published a Sermon in vindication of the Slavery not of Negroes only, but of WHITE MEN; and so plainly, in his own opinion, did he prove the Christian privilege of the strong to reduce their weaker brethren to beasts of burden, that he triumphantly announced, as the result of his argument, that "No man nor set of men in our day, unless they can produce a new revelation from Heaven, are entitled to pronounce slavery *wrong*," and "that slavery, as it exists at the present day, is agreeable to the order of Divine Providence." This hideous sermon was seized on by the Carolina Clergy as a god-send, and it was forthwith reprinted and scattered on the wings of the wind, as a religious tract, by the Carolina Episcopal "Society for the Advancement of Christianity"!!

When a Bishop can use language like that we have quoted, and a Religious Society disseminate such abominations as Freeman's Sermon, it is not surprising that individual clergymen should sink the gentleman and the Christian in their championship of slavery. We give from the newspapers a specimen of the epistolary style of one of these South Carolina champions. It seems a copy of Senator Sumner's eloquent and powerful Speech on the accursed Fugitive Slave Act had been sent under his frank to the Rev. Mr. Simmons. It called forth the following effusion:

"*To the so-called Hon. Charles Sumner*—SIR: With characteristic Yankee insolence and Abolition folly, you have presumed to insult me, in common with others of my brethren, by sending me your rabid speech, which I return with the expression of my profound contempt for the author. J. W. SIMMONS.

"Spartanburg C. H., 12 Oct., 1852."†

Let it not be supposed that the writer is one of those parsons without a cure, who are sometimes hired by planters to instruct their slaves in the duty of working faithfully without wages, and in the great sin of running away; and that this specimen of letter-writing only marks his companionship with overseers, drivers and negro-traders. The Rev. Divine was not long since a preacher in St. Stephen's Church, in the city of Charleston.

It is worthy of remark that the Senator thus held in contempt by a Minister of Jesus Christ, and directly insulted by him, had incurred his indignation not on account of any error of doctrine, or viciousness of life, but solely for contending that the business of catching fugitive slaves, and consigning them to lives of toil, ignorance and degradation, was neither a republican nor a Christian occupation.

Having now seen something of the ethics of the Carolina Clergy, let us next advert to the peculiar circumstances of the slave population, among whom these preachers of righteousness have achieved such wonderful and numerous triumphs.

"The slave," says the Louisiana code, "IS ENTIRELY SUBJECTED TO THE WILL OF HIS MASTER"; and so virtually says the code of every slave State. But to render the slave thus subject, his own will must be obliterated, and this is effected not merely by terror, but, as far as possible, by paralyzing his mental powers. Hence, said the Charleston *Mercury* very truly, "It needed no very great scope of argument to satisfy those who framed our laws that the EXPANSION OF INTELLECT, the hundred influences which education generates, would be very inconsistent with the habit of OBEDIENCE, which was the corner-stone of the institution."

We have already adverted to the necessity felt by the Southern Clergy of maintaining that their beloved institution was not adverse to the salvation of its victims. Hence, to meet the objections of the Abolitionists, the Clergy have been exceedingly anxious to array before the public their slave baptisms, and their slave communicants. Great pains have been taken to convince the masters that Christian instruction would enhance the value of their chattels. The experiment is perilous. The more nearly the slave is reduced to an animated machine, the more easily is he governed. The instruction given by the clergyman, all scanty as it is, tends to "expand the intellect," to awaken the dormant faculties of the negro, and no sooner will he begin to reflect and to reason, than he will discover that his master and his teacher have both conspired to do him great and grievous wrong. Nevertheless, not a few planters have consented to the experiment, and the more readily as the ministers who were to conduct it were free from all suspicion of sympathizing with the slaves as such. Some of the owners have even gone so far as to hire ministers to teach their slaves, and have sometimes erected sheds or rooms in which they assemble on Sundays, thus avoiding any breach of discipline in letting the bondmen step off the plantation to attend the Parish Church. Now, surely, it is not to be supposed that this great experiment of making the slaves obedient, and honest, and unwilling to run away, by holding up before them the terrors of the unseen world, is to be thwarted by the slaves themselves. The master's will is law. His slaves are Episcopalians, or Papists, or Mormons, at his pleasure. When he orders them to attend sermon on Sunday, wo to the absentee. When he or his overseer directs the babies to be baptized, what mother dares to withhold her infant? On every plantation some grown slaves will be found who have never yet been admitted into the Church. There is no hardship in adult baptism, and what man or woman, boy or girl, would refuse to be sprinkled to please master? An exhortation from the minister, and an approving nod from the master or overseer, will bring a whole gang on their knees at the Lord's table. As to Sunday Schools, it is difficult to imagine any School in which the attendance would be more full and prompt than one under the immediate superintendence of a slave-driver. Hence, after all, it is no very great wonder that the South Carolina Clergy have such multitudinous seals of their ministry and crowns of their rejoicing among the human chattels of the neighbouring gentry.

Of the 1,146 reported coloured pupils of Sunday Schools, not one, it must be remembered, reads a line in either the Bible or Prayer Book. The Church Catechism is deficient in not setting forth the peculiar duties of slaves, and the sin of running away, and particularly the divine origin of human chattelism. Hence, Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, prepared a Chatechism for Slaves—Rev. Mr. Jones, of Georgia, another. Now, let us see what nourishment is provided in South Carolina for the black lambs of the flock. In the "Southern Episcopalian" for April, 1854, and published in Charleston, we have a Catechism for plantation children. Behold a specimen:

"Who keeps snakes and all bad things from hurting you?

"God does.

"Who *gave you* a master and mistress?

"God gave them to me.

"Does God love to work?

"Yes, God is always at work.

"Do the good angels work?

"Yes, they do what God tells them.

"What does God say about *your* work?

"He that will not work shall not eat.

"What makes you lazy?

"My own wicked heart," &c. &c.

This precious piece of theology is to be repeated over and over and over to the little blacks, till it is impressed on their memories. When this is effected, we may suppose they will sometimes meditate on its great and mysterious doctrines, and, in so doing, will, by exercising their reasoning powers, bring about that very "expansion of the intellect" which the Carolina lawgivers have striven to prevent. It must be a knotty problem for the sable catechumen to solve, why, if working be the divine condition of eating, poor negro does all the hard working, and master and minister do all the good eating. He will, no doubt, be perplexed by the providential restraint of snakes from hurting him, while the master, who flogs him, keeps him in ignorance and degradation, and exacts from him a life of toil without recompense, is a special *gift* to him from God himself. He would probably prefer exposure to snakes than to drivers and overseers, included, of course, in the heavenly gift of the master. To reconcile him to working without wages, he learns that God and the good angels work; and when he himself is weary with labouring without reward, his weariness, it seems, proceeds from a *wicked heart*. How very idle and lazy, he will infer, the devil must be, and how mystified will he be should he hereafter hear of Satanic industry and activity; nay, he will sometimes be tempted to try the goodness of his master's heart by this very test of laziness.

From this slight specimen of the Carolina Catechism, and the cogitations it invites, we see how very ticklish a thing it is to set the minds of slaves in motion by attempting to teach them Christianity. This very Catechism, manufactured expressly for plantation use, is in fact "inflammatory and insurrectionary in the highest degree." It is admirably calculated to beget hatred toward the master, contempt for the teacher, and disbelief in a religion contradictory of itself, and sanctioning cruelty and injustice towards innocent men for no other crime than the colour of their skin. We have no pattern Carolina slave sermons, but we have Virginia patterns, and from the latter we may fairly judge of the former.

A volume entitled "Plain Sermons for Servants, written by request of the Rt. Rev. William Mead, D.D., and the Convocation of Central Virginia," is before us. "Servants" is a most convenient term in the religious training of slaves, as it brings them within all the Scriptural injunctions respecting servants, and, by keeping out of view human chattelization, it adroitly places, as we shall see, the *slave* on the same level with every man who receives wages or a salary. Thus, in one of the sermons, the slaves are told, "You must let your light shine as *servants*. The Providence of God has made you *servants*. Some of us must always be servants. The richest and best man among us must be a servant to some one. Every clerk in a store is in one sense a servant. Every lawyer is a servant to the men who employ him. Every minister of the Gospel is a servant to his people, and every physician a servant to his patient" (p. 386). Little, indeed, can the slave be raised above idiocy, if he does not perceive and despise such contemptible sophistry. His grievance is, not that he works for another, but that, unlike the lawyer, the physician and the preacher himself, he works *without pay*, and under the lash, like a horse or an ox. It is to be regretted that good Bishop Mead should have sanctioned the publication of a passage so utterly unworthy a minister of Jesus Christ. It is even worse than the Charleston catechism, comforting the negroes under their toil by assuring them that the good angels work! The authors of these sermons seem doubtful whether it will satisfy the negro, writhing under the lash, or sinking under his labour, to be told that he is only a servant like the richest and best man. Lastly, they invoke the power of religious faith is called in to produce passive obedience, and he is told again and again and again, that GOD has made him what he is—that GOD has placed him where he is—that GOD requires him to be faithful to his master, &c. &c.

Solomon Northup, a free citizen of New York, was kidnapped, and held 12 years a slave. Did God make *him* a slave? If so, why have his kidnappers been arrested, to stand their trial for felony? If God makes a man a slave, who makes him free when he runs away? That nothing occurs without the knowledge and sufferance of God, is intelligible; that whatever occurs is *by his appointment and immediate agency*, destroys all free agency and human accountability. Surely, the slave must have sense enough to perceive that such ultra predestination will as fully justify him in stealing his master's corn and pigs as it does the master in robbing him of his wife and children, sending them to market and pocketing the proceeds. The exceeding difficulty of preaching Christianity to slaves without betraying the iniquity of the institution, and the inconsistencies of its Christian supporters, appears from every Catechism and every Sermon prepared for slaves. For instance, at page 281, the slaves are told that God "did not send the Bible only for the rich and learned to read. IT IS THE POOR MAN'S BOOK. It is for those who plough and sow and reap and gather into barns, and tend their flocks, and work in the fields and forest." Wonderful information! Surely, if God intended the Bible for working men, he intended it for slaves. Oh, no—not at all. We find the South Carolina Society declaring, through Freeman's tract, that "slavery, as it exists at the present day, is agreeable to the order of Divine Providence"; and slavery at the present day virtually denies the Bible to about three millions of our inhabitants. But let the slaves be comforted; their want of the Bible is a matter of no consequence. Listen to the consoling words of the preacher: "The sun is sometimes shut up behind a cloud, so that you cannot see it; you cannot point where it is. Yet you can see all [illegible] You work by that light. You enjoy that light, and for all common things it answers just as well as if there was no cloud, and the sun was pouring down upon you. *It is just so about the Bible.* You cannot read. The Bible is hid from you just like the sun behind the cloud" (p. 283). Surely, there are Bibles enough now in the land to give light behind the cloud: let our Bible Societies cease to waste money in printing more. It is sickening to see the ministers of Christ, instead of sympathizing with the slave, and condemning his grievous wrongs, resorting to all sorts of tricks and sophisms and falsehoods to make him believe that his privations and sufferings proceed not from cruel laws and wicked men, but from God himself, and that religious privileges, which are deemed of inestimable value to white men, are not needed by the slave. A pious lady in Virginia, not embracing this new doctrine about the Bible shining behind the cloud, lately undertook to teach some Sunday School scholars with dark complexions to read, and was for her crime committed to the County Jail for one month. As God enslaves the slave, so, perhaps, HE imprisoned this lady, and *therefore* her imprisonment was, like slavery, just and holy. We have another Sermon about the Bible, and a queer one it is. How can that be morally right which renders obedience to a Divine command impossible? How can slaves, forbidden to read, "search the Scriptures"? The Rev. C. K. Nelson answers the question. Taking the bull by the horns, he adds to the collection a Sermon to Slaves, on the command itself! After showing the necessity of the Bible, its great excellency and the goodness of God in giving it, he comes to the text—"Search the Scriptures." But they cannot read; no matter, God does not command impossibilities. "It is not necessary you should know how to read to search the Scriptures. * * * Don't your master or mistress read this book every morning and evening at prayers? Don't your minister read it at Church every Sunday? Can't you go there and search the Scriptures? Have you no young master and mistress who would read the Bible to you? Have you ever asked them? * * * Brethren, God tells you to search the Scriptures, and he would not do so unless *you could*" (p. 229). In the whole range of pro-slavery theology, it will be difficult to match the cool impudence of this sermon. So far as these sermons are addressed to the slaves *as men*, they are sound and pious; but whenever their *condition* is alluded to, the preacher is but the obsequious, unscrupulous apologist of slavery, and the way he tries to cover up the deformities of the system with the mantle of the Gospel is well calculated to excite the contempt of the master for his humble tool, and the unbelief of the slave in the religion presented to him.

If the Catechisms and Sermons prepared for the slaves are but little likely to win their faith to a religion which, instead of condemning, approves and sanctifies their wrong, still less are the men who minister to the slaves fitted to attract their confidence and affection. With rare exceptions, they are themselves dealers in human flesh, and identified in feeling and interest with the slaves' oppressors. Bishop Polk was lately lauded in a New York pro-slavery paper for the excellent management of his plantation. The editor had just visited it, and he tells us that the Bishop has 340 slaves, and that his babies, born within a year, were alone worth $1,800!! Delightful source of income, for a successor of the Apostles! With what persuasive eloquence must the Rt. Rev. Father enforce on *his mothers* the duties of love, mercy and justice!

And now we ask, when we reflect, first, on the terrible *coercion* under which the slaves live, secondly on the deep interest felt by the preachers in justifying and perpetuating the wrongs they suffer, and thirdly on the partial and perverted and distorted Christianity presented to their acceptance, can we rationally place much, if any, confidence in their piety?

While by no means presuming to restrict the power of divine grace on the heart of the slave, and while we admit that heirs of the kingdom are sometimes found in the slave-gang, we are constrained to look with disgust at the statistics paraded by the Diocese of South Carolina. These wholesale baptisms of plantation nurseries—these gangs of communicants—these companies of young negroes renewing, before the Bishop, their baptismal vows—these throngs surrounding the font to receive baptism in their adult years—this multitude of boys and girls attending Sunday School, and learning by rote who keeps them from snakes and who gives them masters, form altogether an exhibition by no means reputable to the Carolina Clergy, and one that draws very largely on public credulity. Sad, indeed, must be the moral state of the white population of South Carolina, if it be indeed true, as their statistics would lead us to infer, that it is farther removed from religious influences than the slaves themselves. Before we yield our belief to a proposition so monstrous and unnatural, let us listen to some South Carolina testimony respecting the Christian character of South Carolina slaves. Said Rev. Dr. Dalcho, in the pamphlet already quoted, speaking of an alleged slave conspiracy: "I write with feelings of the deepest regret that some of the conspirators were preachers, class-leaders, and communicants; thus *verifying* the truth of a remark which teachers have often occasion to make, that there is LITTLE CONFIDENCE TO BE PLACED IN THE RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS OF NEGROES."

Said the late Gen. T. Pinkney, in his pamphlet,* speaking of "house servants": "They are the *most dangerous*; their intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances relating to the interior of the dwellings, the confidence reposed in them, and the information they unavoidably obtain from hearing the conversation and observing the habitual transactions of their owners, afford them the most ample means for TREACHEROUS BLOODSHED AND DEVASTATION." Again—E. C. Holland, of Charleston, in his vindication of slavery, makes the following confession: "Let it never be forgotten that our negroes are truly the *Jacobins* of the country; that they are *the anarchists and the domestic enemy*; the common enemy of civilized society; and the *barbarians* who would, if they could, become the DESTROYERS OF OUR RACE."

Says the Charleston *Religious Telegraph:* "Hatred to the whites, with the exception in some cases of attachment to the person and family of the master, is nearly universal among the black population. We have, then, a foe cherished in our own bosoms—a foe willing to draw our LIFE-BLOOD whenever the opportunity is offered." In a Report from a committee of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, printed in Charleston, 1834, we have the following opinion of slave piety: "From long-continued and close observa- [illegible] their (the slaves') moral and religious condition is such as that they may be justly considered the HEATHEN of this Christian country * * * The influence of the negroes upon the moral and religious interests of the whites is destructive in the extreme. We cannot go into detail. It is unnecessary. We make our appeal to universal experience. *We are chained to a putrid carcass;* it sickens and destroys us. We have a millstone hanging about the neck of our society to sink us deep in the sea of vice. OUR CHILDREN ARE CORRUPTING FROM THEIR INFANCY; nor can we prevent it. Many an anxious parent, like the missionary in foreign lands, wishes that his children could be brought up beyond the reach of the corrupting influence of depraved heathen. Nor is this influence confined to mere childhood, IF THAT WERE ALL, IT WOULD BE TREMENDOUS, BUT IT FOLLOWS US INTO YOUTH, INTO MANHOOD, AND INTO OLD AGE."

Wonderful is it, that one article of the creed of this very Committee, of the Synod it represents, and indeed of all the Southern Churches, and especially of the Bishops, Priests and Deacons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Slave States, is, that this soul-destroying, child-corrupting institution is of Divine appointment, and, as Bishop Freeman asserts, and the Charleston Society responds, no man is entitled to pronounce it *wrong!* But it will be said this "putrid carcass" consists of the *heathen*, not of the Christian slaves—not those who have been baptized, and confirmed, and received the communion, and committed to memory the Charleston catechism. Then hear the Committee once more: "The offences of *coloured communicants* against Christian character and Church order are very numerous, and frequently HEINOUS. The discipline is difficult, wearisome and unpleasant."

These revelations, be it remembered, are not the "ravings of fanatical Abolitionists," but the solemn asseverations of southern clergymen and laymen, made in the city of Charleston, the very hotbed and focus of slavery propagandism and cotton Divinity; made by men who are themselves engaged in defending and upholding the accursed system, and blessing it in the name of the Lord.

For these men some allowance is to be made, to them some charity should be extended. Their own pecuniary interest, their hereditary prejudices, and the universal sentiment of society, all unite in paralyzing their moral sense, not of the evils arising from slavery to the whites, but of its exceeding wickedness as it regards the slaves themselves. They dread and deplore the contamination of their own children, but show no compassion for a vast population deprived by law of all conjugal and parental rights. They are zealous in sending Bibles to foreign heathen, but to black heathen at home the Bible is as a sun behind a cloud, and they need not its bright effulgence. There are pious men among the southern Clergy, but their piety seems never to prompt them to remove the "putrid corpse" from among them. They love the corpse; they behold it with delight; they acknowledge it to be a gift from heaven; they are anxious to transmit it to their children, and fly into a passion with Senator Sumner and all others who would fain relieve them of it. But it does, they admit, smell very bad and injures their children's health, and hence they go to work, not, like sensible men, to bury it, but, like a parcel of conjurers, to disinfect it by certain religious incantations and strange catechisms, all equally repugnant to common sense and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In 1834, the Committee of the Synod declared that the white population was chained to "a putrid carcass," but in 1853, if we are to believe the Diocesan report of South Carolina, the corpse actually smells sweeter than the body to which it is chained. Alas! there is putridity in both, and it is futile to attempt to apportion the stench. Very deeply have the Southern Clergy failed in their duty to God and man in their conduct in regard to slavery. Yet, at that bar where righteous judgment will alone be awarded, and where against every offence will be weighed the peculiar temptations which led to its commission, we have reason to believe their sin will be esteemed light compared with that of their northern brethren who, courting the smiles of profligate politicians, and rich parishioners, have vindicated slavery from the Bible, cheered on the human blood-hounds in their horrible hunt, and sneered at the "fanatics" who have prated about a higher law than an Act of Congress. May the Lord have mercy on such men in that day. O. P.

August, 1854.

* "Practical Considerations, founded on the Scriptures, relative to the Slave Population in South Carolina."

† Mr. Simmons is not the only devotee of human bondage in the Episcopal Church South who has honoured this accomplished gentleman, scholar and orator with his priestly vituperation. The Rev. J. H. Ticknor, of Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, favoured the Senator with a long epistle, beginning, "By this mail I return *uncut* your Speech in the Senate of the United States on your motion to repeal the Fugitive Slave Bill." He enters upon a defence of slave-catching from his own experience and the authority of Scripture; and informs Mr. Sumner that, by sending his Speech to ministers of the Episcopal Church, he has "deliberately and most grossly insulted the entire body of our clergy." So pleased was the writer with this smart letter, that he sent a copy to the *Banner of the Cross*, which, to its shame, gave it a place in its columns. In the printed letter, the writer modestly omitted his signature, but, by the particularity of its date, enabled the Alabamians to discover and appreciate his devotion to the "peculiar institution." And who is the Rev. J. H. Ticknor? Probably a Yankee renegade, who has married a wife with a gang of slaves; but without an hypothesis, he is a Missionary, employed and paid by the New York Domestic Missionary Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, virtually to preach a slaveholding, slave-catching Gospel, in the State of Alabama. How long will Northern Christians continue to pay their money to Missionary Societies to uphold, in the name of the blessed Redeemer, a system of diabolical cruelty and injustice?

Selections.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT ABINGTON.

AT the celebration of the First of August, in Abington, Mass., Mr. PHILLIPS made an address, which is thus sketched in the *Liberator*.

MR. PRESIDENT: The day reminds us of the interest which we have in the reforms of the old world; for, as the speaker who has just taken his seat has told us, to-day belongs to England, not to us. And this interest in reforms abroad brings to my mind the names of Mazzini and Kossuth, and the letters which have recently been published from these two men in regard to slavery. I desire, Mr. President, that we should take some notice here of the recreancy of the one, and the fidelity of the other. Kossuth, abroad, as at home, has endeavoured to build up Hungary, by silence in regard to the slave; but Mazzini, true to the principles of universal liberty which we profess, has acknowledged frankly, without looking over his shoulder to see what effect it would have upon Italy, that he sympathizes in the efforts for the emancipation of the black man, on the same principle that he sympathizes in the movement of the emancipation of Italy. Now, I propose, Mr. Chairman, that this meeting should request the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society (Mr. Garrison) to reduce into the form of a resolution the gratitude which we feel to the great leader of European Democracy for this frankness and fidelity; and that he should communicate that resolution to him, as the sense of a body of American Abolitionists, met on the first day of August, to commemorate the abolition of West India slavery; and that we should add to it our devoted sympathy and cordial co-operation, so far as in us lies, in its efforts to overturn every throne in Europe, until man is recognised as man. I put it to vote—Shall the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society be requested to communicate these sentiments to Mazzini, as the response of the American Abolitionists to his rebuke—for such it is—of the short-comings of Louis Kossuth? [A simultaneous shout of "Aye," went up from the large assembly. When the negative was put, not a voice answered, and it was declared a unanimous vote, amid great cheering.]

Mr. Phillips continued—Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have no voice, and there are others to follow me, which takes away the inclination to make a long speech; but there is a single comment I wish to make on the speech of my friend Higginson. I agree with him that, for the present moment, the undivided attention of the civilized world is turned on this pivot point, the question of the anti-slavery or pro-slavery character of the Democratic party. You can make men feel on that topic; you cannot make them feel so deeply on the question of Kansas and Nebraska. My friend thinks we should make efforts, though he has no hopes of success, for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. He thinks we should attempt to put it down. So do I; and let me tell you, very briefly, the way in which I propose politically to effect something in regard to this legislation of the Slave Power.

Mr. Phillips proceeded to enforce the idea that the battle-field of the friends of the slave was, for the present, the State, and not the nation; that their only hope lay in a concentrated State action, that should nullify the usurpations of the General Government. We abridge this portion of his remarks, as the general argument was the same as that of his speech at Framingham on the Fourth of July, which we printed a few weeks since. He said he thought the time to talk about an anti-slavery or pro-slavery Constitution had almost gone by. Slavery had beaten us. He despaired of doing anything at Washington. He recognised, as gratefully as any man, the noble position and the heroism and fidelity of Charles Sumner (cheers). He had outdone himself. He (Mr. P.) was glad the insolent representatives of the Slave Power had kicked him; it was the only thing needed to crystallize him into a good anti-slavery speech (applause). But it seemed to him that there was nothing possible in Congress but good speeches. Something *was* possible in Massachusetts, if they would confine themselves to it. He was reminded of the old story of Captain Coffin, as an illustration of his idea. In old times, when a mate thought himself about equal to the captain, the mate of Coffin's ship one day hobbled (for he was stiff in one leg) up to him, and advised him to anchor. The captain replied, not very civilly, "You take care of your part of the ship, sir, and I will take care of mine." So the mate hobbled off to the bows, and let go the anchor; then back he hobbled to the captain, and, taking off his tarpaulin, said—"Captain Coffin, my part of this ship is anchored!" (Laughter.) So he proposed to *anchor Massachussetts* (loud cheers). "They tell us," said Mr. Phillips, "that the ship of State at Washington is drifting to Cuba, to Mexico, to Brazil. I propose to anchor Massachusetts (renewed cheers)—and then we will take off our hats to Caleb Cushing, and tell him *our part of the ship is taken care of!*" (Great applause).

The way in which he proposed to do this was by originating a party in Massachusetts, the test of which should be avowed nullification of every constitutional slave clause and every slave law—a party that should say to Mr. A B, their candidate for Governor, "Sir, we propose to elect you to the office of Governor, and we propose that when you swear to support the United States Constitution, you shall swear with the proviso that you don't mean to support the fugitive slave clause, or any other slave clause there." They would choose representatives in the same way; and if the Supreme Court construed it illegal, they would vote the Supreme Court down, and choose another. He thought the time had come for this movement. It had been stated that, at the Convention at Worcester, the people *ached* for a "fanatic." They were ahead of the platform. That would never do. In politics, as everywhere else, if the leaders drop one single degree below the enthusiasm of the people, the people will drop *three* degrees behind the leaders. It is necessary to go to the extreme limit of the demands of the popular feeling. He believed that if the leaders of the Free Soil party would propose to the Bay State to form a party that should nullify slave laws, and if the Supreme Court would not countenance it, make the Supreme Court elective, and choose a better one, the thing would be done. If we could not find such men here, we could send out and import a Wisconsin judge, and get an honest man. The race may have run out here, but the new blood of the prairies would do to cross it with.

That was his theory of politics. We should have to come to it at last. Even Dr. Gannett, in that pulpit where he preached to George T. Curtis, had proposed, in one part of his recent sermon, to become a Disunionist, if the slave-hunters came here *too often*. Who knew how much *too often* was, in the opinion of Dr. Gannett? The slaveholders did not, and might yet make even Dr. Gannett a Disunionist.

There was, in his opinion, no politics short of this. The difficulty of Free Soil politics was illustrated by the position in which our eloquent friend Charles Sumner was placed, the other day, when Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, questioned him. Ably, eloquently and appropriately as he answered him, there was one question he could not answer, namely—what he proposed to do with the Constitution itself. There was one of two things for him to do. One was, to proclaim it anti-slavery, and support it; the other was, to nullify it, if it was pro-slavery. He (Mr. P.) proposed to take the last position here at home. It mattered not whether the Fugitive Slave Law was constitutional or not. If it was unconstitutional, he had a right to nullify it; if it was constitutional, if the Constitution provides for the return of fugitive slaves, then he would nullify the Constitution itself (cheers).

This, said Mr. Phillips, is the only message I have for the voter: Dig down deep—go to the granite of God's law, not to the Coustitution. Proclaim that you will have a Massachusetts Governor who dares to obey God when slaves are shut up in Boston Court House, and that you won't ask him to swear to support the slave clauses of the Constitution. Then we can have a political party that shall unite all the anti-slavery sentiment of Massachusetts, and make no man ashamed of his creed or his faith. Then voting will be an unmixed good. Massachusetts is not a large State—a very small plot of ground—not much bigger than a Western farm; but I tell you she will serve for the fulcrum of the lever, if she is not the lever itself, that shall move the nation, and bring the Slave Power to the ground. Give me a spot no bigger than Massachusetts, ready to nullify that Fugitive Slave Law, and disunion is begun. Men ask where it will end. I cannot tell you. But if you will give Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Iowa, Vermont and Maine will soon swell her company, and we will have a North in which it is decent to live (applause).

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITORS OF NEWSPAPERS IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

GENTLEMEN: Dejected, astonished, distressed, and all but despairing, after the perusal of the Boston newspapers reative to the capture of Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, in your city, I take up my pen, at the simple impulse of duty, and in the feeble hope that you may not be uninterested in learning "how it strikes a stranger."

Known to few in your great Republic, I may be permitted to introduce myself as one of the warmest friends to a perpetual brotherhood between New and Old England, as an earnest admirer of the founders of American Independence, as one who venerates the heroic Pilgrim Fathers, as a lover of popular education, of voluntary religion, of temperance, of representative government, and of freedom. I am not a Republican, and I do not approve of all your institutions; but from my heart I sympathize with the spirit of progress which is carrying on the United States to a foremost place among the nations, and I wish you all prosperity.

With no shadow of prejudice, then, still less of unfriendliness, and far removed from all the passions of American party, I ask you to listen to the impressions produced on an Englishman—I may confidently say, on *all* Englishmen—by the events which have lately agitated your city, and still more by the passing of the Nebraska Bill in Congress. Honourable and good men cannot be indifferent to the opinion of a whole Christian nation. Wise men cannot but admit that the judgment of disinterested parties is entitled to some respect.

It is, then, Gentlemen, with pain and astonishment not to be expressed, that the best friends of the United States in England have seen Boston on the brink of revolution, and Congress torn with desperate strife—the first on the occasion of sending back a fugitive slave to bondage, and the second in enacting a law which gives up the vast centre of North America to the domain of slavery. That such causes should have produced such consequences has not surprised us; but that such causes could exist in a land of Democratic equality of Christain institutions, of general education, and a free press, is only to be credited on irresistible evidence.

Englishmen are not so unjust as to forget that the institution of slavery existed in the United Provinces before they became the United States. Nor are they so unreflecting as to be blind to the enormous difficulties which must attend the removal of such an institution. They can understand the struggle of interested planters, accustomed to regard their shaves as property, and as indispensable to the cultivation of their estates. They can appreciate the forbearance which a free State may feel even towards a slave State, linked with it in a great political confederacy. But they would have thought that an evil so crying, and a wrong so flagrant, as slavery must ere this have been extinguished, under the influence

his hundred wives through those streets, as he is said to have done in his own capital. In place of such virtuous indignation, what do we read? Alas! many of you, I fear a majority, have sympathized more with the slave-catcher than with the slave—have denounced more bitterly the Abolitionists than the public crime which stung the Abolitionists almost to frenzy. I am no lover of violence; but of all places in the world, surely Boston was the last where violence *for freedom's sake* should be denounced as an unpardonable crime. It is not on the blue waters of your lovely bay, once strewn with the merchandise of China, flung overboard by a population which revolted against a mere tax, that a vessel should ever afterwards have floated, bearing the unutterably offensive burden of a slave-hunter and his slave: still less should a Boston population have borne to look upon it. Such things might have been done formerly at Algiers—the victim being a white man instead of a black; in Massachusetts they should have been impossible. It is true the *thing* that was dragged along your streets was a *chattel*, which by Virginian law you may buy, you may sell, you may work, you may flog, you may treat as a beast of burden, destitute equally of soul and affections as of every human right: but in the eye of his Maker he was a man—a Christian man—we are told a Christain minister—endowed with the priceless treasure, an immortal spirit, made in the image of his Maker, and ransomed by that blood which flowed for black men and white alike. Oh, Gentlemen, you think us in England less the friends of freedom than yourselves; but I assure you, in all sincerity, that such an outrage on freedom as many have looked upon coolly in Boston makes our ears tingle and our souls shudder.

We are not insensible to the political importance of maintaining the Union. But we believe no political advantage can justify a moral wrong. No man in England, that I know of, has the slightest wish to see the Union severed; unless, indeed, the severance should appear to be indispensable to check the extension of slavery. The prevailing belief here is that slavery itself is the only thing which endangers the Union. We see, indeed, the danger on both sides. It is possible that to contend for the abolition of slavery might provoke the slave States to declare themselves independent. But it is also possible that to resist that abolition may extend and perpetuate the system of slavery, which is even now rending your churches and your population into embittered factions; whilst, in addition, it is polluting the moral sense of the people throughout the free States, exercising an influence antagonistic to that of Christianity, and thus spreading poison through the veins of the commonwealth. Which of these two dangers is the greater? Which would it be more honourable to confront? It is obvious that the present state of things cannot be perpetual. The fever cannot always continue to rage. Yet it is morally impossible that the Christianity of the North should cease to be hostile to the slavery of the South. A great alternative is before you: *Christianity must conquer slavery, or slavery will conquer Christianity.* Or it may be presented in another form: *Freedom must extend its dominion to the South, or slavery will extend its dominion to the North.* There is, indeed, one escape from this dilemma, and that is by a separation of the Union, in which case freedom would hold its reign in the North, and slavery in the South. Thus three things seem possible in the future. 1. That all the States should be free States. 2. That they should all be slave States. 3. That the free States and slave States should separate. Of these three eventualities the first would be glorious, the second would be dreadful, and the third would be a lesser evil embraced to avert a greater evil. Whether, then, you seek the glorious good, or the lesser evil, duty points to steady and constant (though of course peaceful) efforts on the part of the North to bring about the abolition of the fell crime of slavery; and at the least to repudiate on the part of the free States and their populations any act or law tending to countenance slavery.

I apprehend the wise and right thinking of your people cannot be indifferent to the opinion formed concerning them by other civilized nations. Though proud, you are sensitive. You would rather defy the world in arms than defy them in opinion. No effort could make you long impervious to the reproofs—given "more in sorrow than in anger"—of a Christain and friendly nation, linked to you by bonds of mutual interest, as well as by religion, by language, and by a generous competition in deeds of philanthrophy. If you could bear their reproaches, you could not bear the mournful entreaties of their Christian love. Were they even silent, you could not endure their sadness. America must be honoured, as well as mighty. Its hands must be clean, as well as strong. You pant for an honourable fame. You look with a natural, manly solicitude to what History is writing on the rock concerning you.

What is it?

Spell the letters, and see if they form flattering words. If you find a dark blot there, soiling an otherwise fair inscription, O! blot out the blot ere it be too late.

So far as I know, there is not a single newspaper in Britain that does not consider slavery as the cancer and curse of the United States. There is not a pulpit which does not condemn it. There is not a man in either House of Parliament who would apologize for it. The entire nation, I verily believe, deplores American slavery as one of the darkest features of the age. And with the utmost sincerity I assure you that those whose political sympathies draw them most strongly towards you reprobate this revolting anomaly in your political and social state.

The Nebraska and Kansas Territories Bill is regarded as one of the greatest calamities that could have befallen mankind, because allowing of an infinite extension of the system of slavery. It has attracted less attention than it otherwise would from the fact that the mighty territories represented by these Indian names being almost unknown. But where the merits of the measure are understood, it is looked upon with dismay. First, as being a violation of a solemn pledge given in 1812 by Congress, to limit the extension of slavery; and, second, as devoting to that dreadful system a region four times as large as the United Kingdom, and one-fourth larger than the whole of the United States which obtained the recognition of their independence in 1783. If the heart of a great continent had been planted with the deadly upas tree, it would have been a natural evil somewhat like the moral evil of planting it with the institution of slavery. You would be appalled if you heard that all freedom was annihilated in England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Sardinia. But, perhaps, one or two centuries hence, such an event might appear a smaller disaster than the opening of all the central regions of North America to that domestic despotism which is far worse than any political tyranny.

In closing this address, let me entreat that it may be ascribed to no unfriendly object—to no object but the simple and legitimate one which I profess. If unusual, I hope it may not be deemed unwarrantable. But should it be misinterpreted, my consolation will be that it is a disinterested and conscientious attempt to influence an important class of public men, of the same profession with myself, in favour of the great interests of humanity. On such a question, all mankind have a right to think and speak.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
EDWARD BAINES.

Leeds *Mercury* Office, July 1st, 1854.

SLAVERY IN INDIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA,
Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1854.

THE Jeffersonville Railroad Company have introduced and carried into effect certain rules and regulations peculiar to a slaveholding State, thereby establishing the principle of slavery in the State of Indiana. By the transfer of a large amount of the stock to speculators in Louisville, a preponderance in the Directory has been secured to slaveholders. The President of the Company is a resident of that city. The effect of this controlling influence being given to pro-slavery interests has been the adoption of a rule requiring every coloured person applying for a passage over their road to prove to their agents, by some responsible citizen of Jeffersonville, that they are free. Papers, however well authenticated, are not sufficient. They must have a passport from a well-known resident of this city before they can be admitted to a seat in the cars; thus recognizing it to be their duty to act as patrols for Kentucky slaveholders, and clearly establishing the existence of slavery in a free State; and that in contempt of our laws and the moral sense of our people. If anything more is wanting to prove the severity of the officers and agents of the Company resident on this side of the river, I know not what it is. Their over-weening anxiety to please their southern masters prompts them to acts of injustice, and to insult the people of Indiana and trample upon the honour of our State. This is as bad if not worse than the introduction of slavery into Kansas. It is introducing it into a sovereign State by an incorporated Company, held and required by the very law of their existence to transport as public carriers, without let or hindrance, all persons who apply for passage. Much injustice and injury have been done to free negroes by the operation of this rule. They have been denied the use of the road, detained, captured by bloodhounds, cruelly beaten, and conveyed to Kentucky jails until their freedom could be proven. After lying in jail in Louisville for weeks, they have been turned out and driven off without any redress whatever for the injury sustained. Nearly all the free negroes in this State now shun the road, by which the stockholders have lost much that otherwise might have been saved.

What heightens the contempt which every humane and just man ought to feel for this pro-slavery railroad directory is the fact, that no other Railroad Company in the free States has such a rule. They act upon the legal presumption that every man is free in a free State, until he is proven to be a slave in conformity with the laws of the land.

The apology for this despotic proceeding is, that our contiguity to the State of Kentucky affords slaves an opportunity to escape. This is an acknowledgment that they are bound by Kentucky laws, and not the laws of Indiana; and that they are organized into a police for the service of slaveholders. They constitute themselves the special guardians of the interests of slaveholders—their watchmen and patrols—as though it were a matter of concern to the stockholders and creditors of the road whether slaves escape from their masters or not. Instead of imposing on the slaveholding and slave-flogging masters and overseers of the South the trouble and expense of guarding against escapes, they obsequiously assume it for them, without any remuneration for their services in the degrading office. I might add that some of the officers and agents of the Company are Indianians and members of churches, but are willing, for the sake of money, to disgrace their profession by enforcing a rule which they know is unjust and oppressive against an unfortunate race of men. Men who can inflict injury upon their fellow-men, and disregard the plainest principles of justice and right, and trample upon the poor and defenceless, can never make intelligent man believe that they know anything more of religion than its outward forms. Their pharisaical cant may be current coin in times of public depravity, but it will not save them in the day when men who show no mercy will be judged without mercy. N. P.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Monday, Aug. 7, 1854.

A few days since I informed you that the Jeffersonville Railroad Company had established slavery in Indiana. Three suits have been recently instituted against them, which will test their right to refuse any person a passage over their road on the ground of colour. If the slave laws of Kentucky are to be enforced here, we wish to know it. The Company act upon the presumption that every negro applying for a ticket is a slave, and hence they will refuse it until he proves, by a citizen of Jeffersonville, that he is not. Thus, you see that the order of things is reversed. In Kentucky the legal presumption is that every coloured man is a slave. In Indiana it is just the reverse. Yet our Railroad Company adopt a by-law in direct conflict with this principle, and thereby virtually recognise the existence of slavery in this State. This, to my mind, is worse than all the black laws ever enacted in the non-slaveholding States. For not one of them proscribed and oppressed the negro upon the ground that he is a slave; but for the reason that he is considered a nuisance and a pest to society. They are founded upon the same principle as the persecuting edicts of despotic governments against the Jews. Both alike originate in a hatred of the two races. But our Railroad Company legislate against the negro race upon the supposition that they are all slaves. It is a remarkable step in the cause of slavery propagandism, and may be justly considered a new era in the management of northern railroads. Should their example be followed, we may speedily look for the nationalization of slavery. Turnpike, plank-road and bridge companies will issue their orders to their agents to demand a *pass* of every coloured person who may unfortunately be found on their respective highways. Compromises and compacts will then be dispensed with, and corporations have the honour of making a slave empire. The Douglas bill and the Fugitive Slave Law will be superseded by the by-laws of soulless corporations. Before this comes to pass, however, we Free Soilers must meet this new principle on the frontiers of slavery, in the pro-slavery town of Jeffersonville. Here it has obtained a foothold, and here the first battle must be fought.

One of the most popular and widely circulated papers of Louisville has notified its readers that our Railroad Company must be sustained in the course they are pursuing, because it is of vital importance to slaveholding interests. Against the poor negroes who have sued the Company for detention, and their few friends who have generously espoused their cause, a strong effort is to be made. The best counsel will be employed to mystify the law, uphold injustice, and dishonour our State. But, confiding in the justice of our cause and the virtue and intelligence of our Courts, we will battle for the right. N. P.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

IDEAS AND LAWS.

"WE live not under a Government of Laws, but under a Government of Ideas," was the just and striking saying of Wendell Phillips, before the Literary Societies of Union College. It is even so. We are forever told that it is the peculiar privilege of Americans that they live under the protection of fixed and known laws. The duty of Obedience to Law while it is Law was the stereotyped phrase during the first access of the pro-slavery fever of 1850. In all its first paroxysms, when the country took under the pestilential disease, this was the nostrum which was to be the sovereign specific. Laws are to be obeyed while Law because the people have the power of repealing them. The Majesty of the Law is to be maintained, at all hazards. If we cease to be a Government of Law, Anarchy will ensue, and all the blessings of Free Government will be lost forever. This was the sort of cant which was canted at that canting time, and it answered its purpose for the nonce. It gave people an excuse for being silent under insult, and for submitting to be the tools of cruelty and injustice, or for standing by and keeping the clothes of those that were. It all meant, and was understood to mean by all intelligent lookers-on, that the bloody scourge of the South would be thrown into the scale of that political adventurer who made Slavery the supreme law of the land, and obedience to it the highest civil duty of the citizen.

And all the time nothing could have been more absurd or more emphatically contradicted by all the history of the country. A pretty Government of Laws under which Slaves were caught in one part of the country, and Freemen sold into Slavery in another. The world would go to ruin, and chaos would come again, if Sims were not caught in Boston and sent back to Georgia by Commissioner Curtis; but Law and Order were established and inaugurated anew by the Expulsion of Samuel Hoar from Carolina, the making application to the Federal Courts to try a question of personal liberty Felony, and the Sale by Public Outcry of the fellow-citizens of Hancock and Adams for using their Constitutional rights of travelling where they pleased. There was no Majesty of Law to be vindicated South of Mason and Dixon's line. There was no Government of Law to protect Mr. Hoar or his clients. The Slaveholders did not wait to repeal the Law they did not like, obeying it in the mean time. They knew no Law but Slavery, and whatever contravened that *Suprema Lex* was null and void from the beginning. There was no apprehension of Anarchy and Ruination from these tramplings upon Law. It was the natural course of events. And so it was. There was law enough and to spare for the protection of Mr. Hoar and of the enslaved citizens of Massachusetts and New York. But Ideas were too mighty for them. And the weaker went to the wall. And so it has always been. Laws are obeyed when they express the Sentiments and opinions of those upon whom they act, and not otherwise. The Maine Law and other Acts for the Suppression of Intemperance are operative where they accord with the Ideas of the communities they propose to affect, and are a dead letter everywhere else. In Massachusetts, there was Law enough to have taken Burns out of the hands of the United States Marshal and to have discharged him regularly by the Supreme Court. But the Ideas of the People were not as good as their laws, and they could not expect their Magistrates to be any better.

The average opinion of the Governing Influences of every nation and State is what governs it, and not the particular formulas which are supposed to state it. The formulas are but the raiment, the Ideas are the body; and as the body is more than the raiment, so is the Idea paramount to the Law. If the raiment doth not fit, or even suit, the body—if the body have grown or dwindled, or merely changed its mind capriciously—the raiment is thrown aside and it perisheth. So with the forms of words by which men, from time to time, express their rules of action: if the mind remain the same, the rule of action continues in force; if it have changed, the written rule is of no more power to stay passion or interest than the parchment it is engrossed upon to withstand the touch of fire. The law of the United States is the average Idea of the Slaveholding Oligarchy that governs the country. The business of the Supreme Court of the United States is to collect this average opinion and to apply it to the laws of the land, when they come before it for final adjudication. That Tribunal exists for the main purpose of making Constitutional all laws that agree with that Average Opinion, and setting aside all others. The Law of Massachusetts is the Average Opinion of State Street—for that expresses the sense of the Governing influences of that State. And the Supreme Court must needs rule according to that sense as they can gather it from the signs of the times, or as they know it by instinctive intuition. In this State, where the City of New York is not the State, as Boston is Massachusetts, the Average Idea of the Controlling Political Party is the Law to which all must bow. The Courts inevitably feel the weight of this power, and must move in the direction it urges them forward. And so in all the States.

Now, it is hardly reasonable to condemn too severely the Judges and other magistrates who yield thus to the very necessities of their being. They could not be and be otherwise. They but perform the necessary office of their being, which is to expound "the voice and will of the brotherhood." They would do better if they could, we dare say. Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, would prefer, we have no doubt, to grant a Writ of Habeas Corpus to a man claimed as a slave, and to discharge him under the Bill of Rights of that State, if it were a possible thing. But it is not. The Idea of the Governing Body forbids it. It is barely possible, though it is certainly a very violent supposition, that even Judge Grier or Judge Curtis would as soon decide in behalf of Liberty as of Slavery, if it were within the range of possibilities. But it is not. The Idea of the great controlling Influence of the country is too plain for them to mistake it, and, like Balaam of old, they must bless Slavery, even if they wished ever so much to curse it. The Omnipotence of the Idea sweeps up and carries along with it, in its course, all that was contrived to regulate and direct it. The Constitution was meant for the Original Thirteen States. But of what avail was such a cobweb to check the flight of the Bird o' Freedom? The Law was, and is, plain enough, but the Ideas of the Nation superseded it, and now we have Louisiana, and Florida, and Texas, and California, and New Mexico, and Oregon, and are already reckoning on Cuba and all the rest of Mexico—which will only whet our appetites to devour the whole of South America. The Constitution of the United States a Fixed Law! It is like the tent in the fairy tale which was first pitched to shelter a score, but was stretched, as occasion called, to [illegible] thing and everything that the informing Ideas of those living under it choose to make it.

Now, there are two sides to this Philosophy of Fact. There is a face that looks towards Liberty as well as one that looks towards Slavery. All Constitutions and Laws in this Country have expressed only the Idea of Slavery, because it was that Idea which obtained the most preponderantly. It was the Governing Idea of the Country, and so the Constitutions and Laws had to yield to its power, and to shape themselves into its likeness. Whenever the Ideas are changed, the laws will be found to have changed with them—and that without any formal repeal or modification. The Courts will find that they had not understood the meaning of the Constitution and of the laws made under it. The old rulings will be declared, not *bad* law, but *no* law at all. The Executive Magistrates will be found on the right side, as soon as the prevailing sentiment of their ruling influences will permit it. Wisconsin is a case in point. The Judges there expressed the Average Idea of their Public, just as far as it had then been formed and accepted, and there they stopped. A stage farther, and they will take a man held by the United States Court under an unconstitutional law out of the hand of the Marshal, and defy the United States Government. So it will be everywhere. The business, then, of Abolitionists is to mould the Ideas of the Nation, assured that the Laws will take care of themselves. If the Heart of the Nation is right, it is of little moment how the Statute-Book may read. If not changed, it will be read backwards, so as to undo the Spell under which the Nation has laboured so long.

ANNEXATION OF CANADA.

A GREAT deal has been said, within the last few years, in favour of annexing Canada to the United States. The Slave Power, of course, has always exhibited signs of hostility to the proposition. The question is just now renewed in some quarters on account of the Treaty of Reciprocity, so-called, which is about going into effect, and by which the agricultural products of Canada are to be admitted to come into our markets free of duty. The *Tribune*, in accordance with its well-know Tariff views, thinks the Treaty will work against the interests of the Northern farmers by reducing the price of grain. It says:

"The remedy for all this is now to be found in the substitution of real for sham reciprocity, by the incorporation of the Provinces into the Union—a measure that can be accomplished without the slightest difficulty, or the smallest cost. We have recently paid ten millions for a piece of worthless land at the South, and the Administration is now hard at work, trying to obtain Cuba, with all its negroes, at a cost of a hundred and fifty or two hundred millions. The British Provinces contain now two and a half millions of free white people, and they can be annexed without the expenditure of a single dollar. All that is needed for the accomplishment of that object is the manifestation of a determination that they shall either come into the Union or forfeit, at the earliest moment, the advantages that we have so cheaply granted them. To that end it is required only that we elect to Congress Northern men with Northern principles, as we trust is now about to be done. 'Canadian Annexation' should, from this time forth, be the watch-word of every farmer north of Mason and Dixon's line; and when it shall become so, they may regard the question as a settled one. And its settlement will be attended with the further advantage that it will bring with it the final settlement of the Slavery, Fishery, St. Lawrence and Navigation questions.

"For half a century, the South has *bought* Southern land, and has so used it as to maintain an equality of votes in the Senate, by means of which five million southern whites have made the law for fifteen millions of Northern men. Let the North determine now to restore the equilibrium, by insisting that the South unite with them in accepting, in *free gift*, a vast territory having already two and a half millions of educated people, and capable of adding to the Senate eight northern members, while contributing twenty or twenty-five to the members of the House of Representatives. It is time that northern farmers shall learn to look after their common interests, and this sham reciprocity will force them to do, even if their indignation, excited by the Nebraska iniquity, should fail to lead them to it. The South has fairly thrown down the gauntlet: let northern men now take it up."

A corespondent of the same journal, writing from St. Catherines, C. W., says:

"Canada must be free, and will be ere five more years are numbered. No Parliamentary tactics, no Ashburton diplomacy can stay the tide of feeling now clamouring for republicanism, and the good-natured Queen must lose her heretofore loyally tax-paying Canadian subjects. It is enough to know that Yankees are everywhere throughout these Provinces—that the people recognise them as good authority, and worthy of imitation, to be assured that the next treaty will legislate this part of the universe into the arms of Brother Jonathan *—always providing that Fugitive Slaves shall remain unmolested, for Canada swears a bitter oath that these exiles shall never be harmed again."*

Even if the treaty of annexation should guarantee the safety of the fugitives already there, the effect of the measure would be to make the territory no longer a safe refuge for those who might subsequently run away from their Southern masters. Perhaps, by that time, the Northern States may be prepared to defy and resist the Fugitive Slave bill. Let us at least hope so.

GERRIT SMITH TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

GERRIT SMITH, having terminated his Congressional career by resigning his seat, has addressed a letter to his constituents, in which, after expressing his happiness in learning that they approve of his general course, he gives his reasons for doing some things with which "a few—perhaps more than a few"—of them are understood to be dissatisfied. He insists that injustice has been done to him, in that men have tried his consistency, not in the light of his creeds and practices, as they were bound to do, but in that of their own. He notices four distinct objections to his course, viz.:

1. That in his speeches he treated the slaveholders with a courtesy inconsistent with his principles as an Abolitionist.

2. That, after speaking for the Homestead Bill, he voted against it.

3. That he refused to become a party to the plan for preventing the taking of the vote on the Nebraska bill, through what *he* regarded an abuse of the powers of the minority under the rules of the House.

4. His advocacy of the annexation of Cuba, though defiled by slavery.

As to the first of these objections, Mr. Smith says that people should remember his "peculiar theories of civil government," one of which is "the duty resting imperatively on the inmates of a legislative hall, to know nothing, whilst in such hall, of each other's private character and private relations, and to recognise and treat each other as gentlemen." Now, although we have never criticized Mr. Smith's course in this particular, we cannot forbear saying that a "theory of civil government" which requires an Abolitionist to recognise and treat "pirates" as honest men and gentlemen must be radically unsound. We could never consent to call a government organized on such a theory, a "*righteous* civil government," though others might, perhaps, conscientiously do so. The point is one, however, which we do not care to press.

Mr. Smith justifies his vote against the Homestead Bill on the ground that, after he made his speech in its favour, it was so amended as to confine its benefits to *white* persons. In this he was consistent not only with himself, but with absolute justice. He could not, for the sake of bestowing certain benefits upon white men, consent to proscribe and outlaw those of a dark complexion.

Mr. Smith's answer to the third objection all turns upon the assumption that the measure which he refused to sanction was a violation of "the majority principle," and in its nature "revolutionary." We think his argument on this head specious rather than sound, but the question is no [illegible] tionists, should be permitted to decide the question whether we are at liberty to receive Cuba. No pride of country, and no shame that stands in connection with such pride, should be allowed any part, or influence, in the decision. Our equal love to our brother, whoever he may be, and wherever he may be, whatever his complexion or condition, and whether his home be on this side or on that of whatever national boundary—it is this fraternal love, ever indissolubly connected with true filial love toward his and our Common Father, which should, alone, be allowed to decide the question whether, if Cuba wishes to come to us, we will open our arms to receive her.

"I close my letter with saying that it is not the great amount of slavery that should most concern us. It is rather the weakness of the force arrayed against it. Did the anti-slavery men of our country occupy the only true ground—the ground that there cannot possibly be any Constitutional or other legal shelter for slavery—the ground that the piratical system which robs its victims of every right, and exposes them to every wrong, is, necessarily, an outlaw—it would be comparatively unimportant whether they had much or little slavery to contend with. They would, surely and speedily, triumph in either case. However small the amount of slavery, it will last forever, so far as anti-slavery men are concerned, provided they continue to acknowledge its legality, and to busy themselves in the folly of setting limits to this rampant, vaulting, matchless crime. On the other hand, however large the amount of slavery, it would quickly disappear before the influences which the anti-slavery men would muster against it were they to take the position that within no limits, not even the narrowest, has slavery any rights, or can it have any; and that within no limits, not even the narrowest, does it deserve anything better than the sentence of outlawry and death, at the hands of all mankind.

"Let the anti-slavery men of our country take this position, and they will be no more afraid than I am to have Cuban slavery come to us. Nay, they will then bid it come: for they will then know that if it do come, it will come not to be wedded to our slavery, but to die with it; that it will come not to a bridal, but a burial."

EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.

WE learn from the Massachusetts *Spy* that Mr. Charles H. Branscomb, late of Chicopee, who went out as pioneer of the first emigrant party to Kansas from New-England, has returned, bringing very gratifying accounts from the emigrants. The *Spy* says;

"The whole party were in excellent health, and spirits, looking forward confidently to the full realization of their expectations and hopes. They had selected and located themselves on a beautiful site for a town, on the right bank of the Kansas River, forty miles from its mouth, where they had pitched their tents and commenced the construction of their cabins. They have formed a regular squatter organization, of which the first President is Mr. F. Fuller, late of this city; and Mr. E. Davenport of Boston is Secretary. Mr. Branscomb states that his expectations in relation to the country were realized in every respect; and in the abundance of its springs of pure, sweet and excellent water, it far exceeds his anticipations.

"Mr. B. states that if the emigrants push forward from the free States they will not only secure to themselves, easily and at a cheap rate, a future independence in a more delightful climate, but will also secure the new State to freedom. Even the emigrants from the slave States, who do not carry slaves, will vote for freedom, and the slaveholders themselves begin to give it up that the State must be free. One slaveholder in Franklin, Mo., explored the country, and having selected a claim, near where the New-England Company have located, returned to Missouri and removed his effects, including four slaves, on to the location. On his arrival, finding the population coming in from the free States, and judging well the consequences, he repacked his effects and took them and the slaves back again to Missouri. Another, from Virginia, who had selected a location, on seeing what the character of the population was likely to be, remarked that he 'was not such a d——d fool as to bring his slaves there.'

"Mr B. seems very happy in the encouraging prospects of his new home. After attending to the business which has brought him East, on his own behalf and that of his associates, he will again return to Kansas, in season to accompany the next train of emigrants, and to afford them the aid and advice which his experience qualifies him to impart.

"It is now expected that the next company will consist of about 1,000 persons, and that they will leave New England the latter part of this month.

"Some of the slaveholders inquired of Mr. Branscomb whether he was Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, of whom they had heard so much. Mr. B. replied that he was not, but there was a man in the company who was ready to personate Mr. Thayer, and take the consequences, if they would pay the company the $200 which had been offered for Mr. Thayer's apprehension and delivery. He informed them, moreover, that they stood in the same position Mr. Thayer did, and that they were there to test the question of the rights of American freemen in that territory."

MEETINGS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In Marlboro'.—An Anti-Slavery Meeting will be held in the wood near Marlboro' meeting-house, Chester Co., on Sunday, the 20th inst., commencing at 10 A. M. Robert Purvis, Lucretia Mott, J. M. McKim and other speakers will attend.

In Sadsbury.—The Clarkson Anti-Slavery Society will hold its regular meeting in Sadsbury meeting-house, Lancaster Co., on Saturday, the 26th inst., at 11 o'clock. James and Lucretia Mott, from Philadelphia, are expected to be present.

In Bart.—There will be an Anti-Slavery Meeting in James Jackson's woods, near Bart meeting-house, Lancaster Co., commencing on Sunday, the 27th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., and probably continuing its sessions, by adjournment, through the next day. Among the speakers who have engaged to be present are Thomas Whitson, Robert Purvis, Lucretia Mott, and J. M. McKim. Others are expected.

Near Kimberton.—An Anti-Nebraska Meeting will be held in a wood one mile east of Kimberton, near Hartman's School-House, on Sunday, the 20th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. C. C. Burleigh will be present.

At Kennett Square.—The Kennett Quarterly Meeting of Progressive Friends will be held at Kennett Square, on Seventh day, the 2d of Ninth month, at eleven o'clock, A. M. [As it is proposed to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting on the following day, in Curtis James's woods, it is hoped that Jas. and Lucretia Mott will be present on both occasions.]

CASSIUS M. CLAY IN ILLINOIS.

WE have already informed our readers that Cassius M. Clay has been speaking on slavery, in various parts of Illinois, since the fourth of July. We now copy from a letter in the *Tribune* the following account of his labours at two of the places which he visited:

"It was feared that the meeting at Bloomington might prove a failure, as the Committee of Arrangements knew of no persons from whom they had courage to solicit aid in preparing for it. But it turned out one of the best in the State.

"The population of this region is largely southern, and a considerable portion were residents of Kentucky since Mr. Clay commenced his efforts there for emancipation. They are men who are not known as anti-slavery men, though really driven from the State by the crushing influence of that despotism on the non-slaveholder. They were the people of the State, who, had they remained and been free, would have made its wealth and character. Mr. Clay is much beloved and honoured by them, though they were so bound down that they could give him but little support in their own State. Many of these men, with noble traits of human nature, seized his ready hand with rude grasp, and, with rude speech and eye and heart softening with emotion, welcomed him to this State. It is a cheerful thought that those who labour for the good of others sometimes receive some such honourable testimonials.

"At Alton there was the silence of the Sabbath hour, the streets deserted, no teams or people from the country to trade, for fear of the cholera; yet Messrs. Clay and Codding addressed an audience of fifteen hundred from the steps of the Madison Mill. The Postmaster, English, defended the Administration, and in doing so was compelled to claim the Nebraska scheme as a *secret movement of Pierce and Douglas for the abolition of slavery*, and unless it was so, he would repudiate the Administration. A few moments after the close of the meeting, he was seen in consultation, in front of the Post-Office, with Dr. Hope, who claims the honour of having shot Lovejoy. With great indignation he (Dr. H.) inquired if such a meeting and such a crowd in the public streets, to hear Clay, would have been tolerated in Philadelphia, in Baltimore or in *Washington*, and swore that it should not have been in Alton, and he'd 'be damned if he would n't have paid for the eggs to mark the sneakers.' The party lines being pretty closely drawn, Dr. Hope, the assassin of Lovejoy, and the Postmaster, on one side, and all the rest of the people on the other, the attempt to egg down the speaker would have been rather of an unequal contest with 'popular sovereignty.'"

ADDRESS OF THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF CANADA TO THE QUEEN.—The coloured people of Toronto, at their celebration of the First of August, adopted the following loyal address to their Sovereign. We find it in the *Provincial Freeman*:

To Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY: We, the Coloured Inhabitants of Canada, most respectfully, most gratefully and most loyally approach your Gracious Majesty, on this the anniversary of our *death to Slavery*, and our *birth to Freedom*. With what feelings, or what words, can we adequately express our gratitude to England for such a boon?

Our hearts are wholly your Majesty's; and if the time should ever come when your Majesty might need our aid, our lives would be, as they are, *at your service*.

What a happy, what a proud reflection it must be to your Majesty to know that the moment the poor crushed slave sets foot upon any part of your *mighty* dominions, the chains fall from him—he feels himself a man, and can look up. Can it be conceived that he would not on that same spot turn, and, whilst defending the hallowed soil, that memory would not fire his brain, and gratitude nerve his arm! Can your Majesty imagine that from such a people loyalty could be an *empty name*, or *devotion be a dream!*

Faults of commission may be urged against us by those who grudge us our freedom; but we carefully watch that such faults shall be the exception and not the rule; at the same time, we pray your Majesty, in your judgment of us, to remember that whilst the invigorating food of education was jealously withheld from us, the brutalizing cup of slavery was forced between our lips until we drained it to the very dregs.

The effects, more or less, must have been a moral stupor, for which the hand of time and kindness can alone provide the cure. But, amid all our trials, we beg your Gracious Majesty to believe we yet thank the Most High that he has granted us the privilege of teaching our little ones to join us in praying that the God of battles may give victory to your Majesty's arms—that He will continue to bless your Majesty as a Queen, bless you as a wife, bless you as a mother; and that it will please Him, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, long "to put back the time" of removing you from your earthly to your heavenly crown.

And, as in duty bound, we will ever pray.

Toronto, Canada West, August 1st, 1854.

DOUGLASS JERROLD has, it seems, undertaken to defend Kossuth against the censures which he has incurred by truckling to American slaveholders and consenting to be the tool of Consul Sanders. Mr. Chesson pays his respects to the gentleman, in a letter to the *Wesleyan*:

"That venomous scribe, Douglass Jerrold, has been attacking me with famous logic and delightful civility for my letter to the *Daily News* in reply to the Kossuth and Sanders correspondence. Hear this true man and genuine Radical: 'The negro question is *one*, the Hungarian *another*. A man may see very clearly the justice of the cause advocated by Magyar and Italian, who may still have doubts about negro virtue and negro intellect.'

"This is just what a slaveholder would say. If Douglass Jerrold walks a few more steps, he will find himself in the arms of John Mitchel. But he proceeds: 'Why should Mazzini be set up among American nine-pins to be bowled at by Messrs. Sanders and Chesson. * * * * Just now the future of the world is bound up in the Magyar-Italian question, and, with all respect to Uncle Tom and his noisy friends, we fancy this is of enough importance in itself.'

"I will not stop to remark upon the insolence, the unfairness and the immorality of this and the other balderdash in which Douglass Jerrold has indulged. His sneers and his inconsistencies will not injure the anti-slavery cause one jot or tittle. They will not lead astray those who advocate justice as a principle, and freedom as a right, and the support of those only do we want."

JOHN H. PHILLEO, we are authorized to say, will attend the Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, at Salem, Ohio, commencing on the 26th instant. He is an able and devoted friend of the cause, and one whose presence will add much to the interest of the meeting.

Hon. S. P. CHASE has been invited to deliver the oration at Dartmouth College next commencement. The Alumni have been so fortunate as to receive his acceptance of the appointment.

POLITICS.

The Whigs of New York will hold their State Convention at Syracuse, on the 20th of September. The leaders mean to nominate a ticket that will secure the support of the Know-Nothings.

——We have good news from Iowa. Grimes, the Republican candidate for Governor, is elected Governor by a considerable majority, and one of the two Congressional Districts is redeemed. The Legislature is also believed to be opposed to the Douglas villany, which will ensure the election of a United States Senator of the right stripe.

—— The Springfield *State Journal*, the central Whig paper of Illinois, turns to good account a sentiment once uttered by Henry Clay, by using it as a motto. The sentiment is this: "I never can, and never will, and no earthly power can make me, vote to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist."

——Henry A. Wise is willing—nay, determined—to be next Governor of Virginia. Having begun his political career a Whig, he is now an apostle of what, among the slave-breeders and slave-traders of the Ancient Dominion, is facetiously called Democracy. He's as fit for the place to which he aspires, probably, as any man who stands the slightest chance of being elected.

——The Doylestown (Pa.) *Democrat* illustrates the character of its Democracy in heading the record of the vote on Mr. Elliot's motion for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave bill with the following words, in staring capitals, set off by an array of exclamation points: "Attempt to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill! The Federalists and Abolitionists floored! The Country safe!!!" Such is American Democracy! It is not for liberty, but for slavery! Let it be thrust into the bottomless pit.

——The *Pittsburgh Visitor* warns the Whigs of Pennsylvania, that if they persist in running Judge Pollock, as he now stands, they will ensure the election of Bigler. It says that Mr. Bradford, the Native American candidate, and Mr. Potts, the candidate of the Free Democrats, are both willing to decline in order to unite the entire anti-Nebraska vote. It calls upon Judge Pollock either to come out more decidedly in opposition to slavery, or to resign in favour of a new candidate.

——The Rushville (Ia.) *Jacksonian*, Old Line Democrat, published a letter from the Connersville *Times*, from Mr. Hull, from which we extract a paragraph:

"A Democractic, whiskey, Nebraska editor from ——, was here a few days ago and offered to sell his press. He says that Democracy is floored—*certain*. A Democratic candidate for the Legislature, not a hundred miles from here, says that he can bear everything better than to have the women groan him down when he makes speeches in favour of his platform."

——The Boston correspondent of the *Post* estimates the Know-Nothings of Massachusetts at 40,000. He says the Whigs carried the State last year by means of Catholic votes, which were obtained by money. They are likely to be defeated this year by the votes of the Know-Nothings, who, it is thought, may support the anti-Nebraska Republican ticket. The hostility of this new association to the Whigs is undoubted, while it is presumed that they are not likely to favour that sort of Democracy which supports the national Administration, and which has kept itself so long in power by the aid of the Catholic vote.

——Gen. E. P. Walton, who was nominated for Governor by the Temperance, anti-Nebraska and Free Democratic Conventions in Vermont, has declined, and Judge Royce, the Whig candidate, having given evidence of his soundness on the Nebraska question by endorsing the platform of the Mass Anti-Nebraska Convention, held on the 13th of July, will receive the support of the Free Democrats. The candidate for Lieut.-Governor on the same ticket is a prominent member of the party last named. Nearly the whole anti-Nebraska vote of the State will probably be cast for this ticket, and if so, it will be elected by a large majority.

——The Republican party of Ohio are making arrangements to put into the field a small army of speakers, who will "stump" the entire State before the next election. Among them will be Thomas Corwin, Thomas Ewing, Senators Chase and Wade, Judge Spaulding, Col. D. K. Cartter, the Hon. Joseph Cable, Col. B. F. Leiter, the Hons. Joseph Root, Giddings, Wade, Crowell, Campbell, Townshend, Tilden, Brinkerhoff, John C. Vaughan, several German orators and other eloquent champions of free principles. The news from every part of the State is cheering. The Nebraska Democracy will no doubt be utterly routed even in their former strong-holds.

——The *Evening Post* thinks that the opponents of slavery extension, dropping all other issues, should make a stand upon the principle of admitting no more slave States into the Union. This, says the *Post*, "is a method of redress wholly in the power of the North, if the North be but true to itself, and one which the friends of slavery will have no means of counteracting. It will not only prevent them from gaining any future advantage, but will wrest from their hands the advantage which they imagine themselves to have gained already. With a prospect of success such as it presents, we will not allow

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Rev. Dr. Wayland, in an address before the American Institute of Instruction, made this significant remark: "It is fortunate that so large a portion of our teaching is in the hands of those who can do it so well. It is a rare thing to find a man who has a gift for teaching, and it is an equally rare thing to find a woman who cannot teach well. Nobody ever knew a boy to teach anything, but a little girl before she can walk will teach her doll."

——Rev. Thomas Williams, of Rhode Island, is a bold and somewhat eccentric preacher of the ultra-Calvinistic school. In an address before the American Institute of Instruction, upon the respect due to official station, he used this illustration:

"To illustrate what I mean by respect for official station, take the case of the man who threw a hard egg at Franklin Pierce. Sir, he did wrong. It was a most unjustifiable act. *I have no election to anybody throwing eggs, hard or soft, at the individual Franklin Pierce—he deserves it richly*; but respect should be paid to the office of President of the United States."

——Dr. Edward Beecher, in a lecture before the American Teacher's Institute, at its recent meeting in Providence, uttered a noble sentiment, which is thus reported by a correspondent of the *Post*. It conveys a lesson which every parent and every teacher should heed:

"It is of the highest importance to treat with respect the sense of justice in a child. In my experience as committeeman, I have often known the teacher to be wrong and the scholar to be right. I would say to a teacher, always respect the sense of justice in the pupil. It is better that a teacher should make twenty acknowlegments of error, before the whole school, than hurt the sense of justice in the smallest pupil should be outraged in a single instance."

——At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Abbot (we suspect he is one of the well known clergymen of that name, though the report of the Tribune leaves us in the dark on that point) read an essay entitled "Duty against Doctrine, or the Creed not the only test of Christianity." Mr. Abbot explained, in answer to some objections, that he did not mean that a Church ought to abandon her Doctrines or change her principles; but it was her first duty to declare her detestation of existing crimes, as Intemperance or Slavery, rather than confine her teachings to Theological Doctrines. It is a cheering sign of the times that sentiments like this are finding utterance from influential pulpits within the popular Church.

——We published recently an extract from one of "Minnie Myrtle's" letters from Saratoga, wherein she described and censured the extravagance in respect to dress, furniture, &c., of a large class of American women. The Editor of the Newburyport *Union*—who is a woman—says with great truth that this extravagance of wives and daughters arises in great part from their being kept in ignorance of business affairs. Was it the habit of men to interest their wives and families in the details of the day-book and ledger, she thinks we should hear much less talk about unreasonable expenditures. "But if men will persist in treating women as fools or children, they must expect them to act accordingly. Did any one ever know of a woman 'urging' her husband into unnecessary expenses,' who was thoroughly acquainted with his resources, and made a *confidant* in all business matters? We do not believe the world can furnish an instance. Let business men try the experiment of making their wives and daughters the confidential clerks (so far as knowledge is concerned) of their establishments, and we should hear no more lamentations about $500 shawls and $3,000 parties."

—— Rev. James T. Woodbury (now of Milford, formerly of Acton, Mass.) was among those who went out from the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, some fifteen years since, because they admitted women to membership, elected them to office, and permitted them to speak in meetings, thus, as he alleged, violating his conscience by disregarding the teaching of the Scriptures in respect to woman's sphere. We infer that his views of that subject have been somewhat modified, since we find that he was willing to participate in the recent celebration of the First of August at Hopedale, notwithstanding, on that occasion, women were appointed to office and allowed to speak and vote on the same terms as men. We record the fact, not only as highly honourable to Mr. Woodbury, but as a sign of progress at once cheering and hopeful. According to the report of the *Practical Christian*, he said he had recently been South, where he learned that "slaveholders were in constant fear of insurrection. When the fire-bell rings there, they first seize, not their buckets, but their guns, and rush forward dreading the fire of liberty. And, whilst on his visit, he saw abundance of proof that if there were no North to interfere, the slaves might easily rise up and kill their masters before breakfast and eat them for their dinner. Dissolution, he said, is a bugbear on the part of the South. Sensible men there fear nothing so much, for they know that if the Union were dissolved, the abolition of slavery would inevitably follow. So far as he expressed himself, he was very radical and seemed to look *hopefully* to dissolution." Mr. W. is a brother of the late Hon. Levi Woodbury, for several years one of the Judges of the United States Supreme Court.

The Chivalry in a Rage.—The *Tribune*, in commenting upon the murder of Col. Loring by Dr. Graham, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, ventured to speak of it as one of the fruits of the irascibility of temper and the impatience under restraint which the system of slavery is so well calculated to produce and foster, and of the bad habit of carrying deadly weapons which prevails in slaveholding communities. Its remarks were justified by the facts, though some of its Northern cotemporaries made them a text for misrepresentation and abuse. Their effect upon the chivalry may be inferred from the following passionate blast, which we copy from the *Charleston Mercury*:

"Messrs. Editors: I was gratified with your notice of the infamous conduct of Horace Greeley respecting the murder at the St. Nicholas Hotel. His course in this matter is of a piece with his whole career. He seems to have devoted himself, body and soul, to stirring up the bad passions of the northern people against the South, and pursues his aim with an intenseness of venom, a recklessness of honour, truth and decency, more characteristic of the demon than the man. Under such circumstances, is it not surprising that any northern merchant should have had the audacity to send a vessel bearing the name of this fiend incarnate to a southern port? And yet, gentlemen, the papers of the day announce the arrival in the port of Charleston of the brig Horace Greeley, Smith, from Philadelphia, with a load of coal. What will be her return cargo? What would be her most acceptable freight to her infamous namesake, the arch-patron of the Underground Railroad? We are sure no southern man, who has any respect for himself and his section, will give her business, nor no northern man who deserves to be respected by them. Let her return with the live freight she brought here, and let her give Charleston a wide berth hereafter.

"Anti-Greeley."

The Progressive Friends of Marlboro' and Kennett (Chester Co., Pa.) have chosen a beautiful site for their new meeting-house, on John Cox's farm, two miles east of Kennett Square, one mile west of Hamorton, and half a mile southeast from the Red Lion Hill. The ground is in the form of a gentle swell, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. The house is to be a neat, plain structure, 56 feet in length by 33 in width, and to be free from that architectural abomination, which spoils the symmetry of every Quaker house of worship, a "partition," to separate the sexes. We need not add that it will always be open to anti-slavery and other reform meetings, since that is one of the objects for which it will be erected. A cemetery will probably be located near the house and laid out in lots for the use of families. The building committee, we rejoice to say, is composed of persons who do not think utility at war with good taste.

TEMPERANCE.

The Prohibitionist is a monthly journal, published at Albany, by the Executive Committee of the N. Y. State Society. The issue for August bears the name of W. H. Burleigh as Editor. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that his long experience in the editorial profession, and the ability and tact of which he has given so many proofs, afford a guaranty that the paper, under his management, will be worthy of general circulation. The number before us bears unmistakable marks of his workmanship.

——Some weeks since, says the Wheeling (Va.) *Times*, the Rev. Mr. Fleming, of the Presbyterian church at West Union, went to Grave Creek, with a committee, to use what influence they could to prevent the county court from granting licenses in that region for the sale of whiskey. They succeeded. As a reward, some of the liquor men set fire to his stable, at night, which was burned to the ground. On Thursday afternoon the young men of his congregation assembled, went into the woods, cut timber and shingles, and before sunset had him an excellent stable completed, and left $70 for a carriage. On the Fourth of July they had a grand temperance jubilee and pic-nic of the Sunday School children, with refreshments and temperance speeches.

——We hear favourable reports of the working of the Maine law in Connecticut. The New Haven *Palladium* says:

"Many persons who have doubted the wisdom of so stringent a liquor law as the present have all along said that they were willing to see the experiment fairly tried, and that if it worked well, they would give it their hearty support. The law, since it has been in operation, has been daily gaining friends from this class of persons, who are numerous and influential. Many grog-shops have been shut up by their keepers, who have 'cleared the coop' and gone to the great Babylon of the country, or to parts unknown. Dutch, Irish, Hungarian, with a very small sprinkling of the lower tier of Yankee, have found their occupation all gone, and they are gone too."

——Our readers have all heard of the *Rev.* John Chambers, whose riotous behaviour on the platform of the Half-World's Temperance Convention, in this city, last September, when Antoinette Brown attempted to speak, excited general disgust. He is a noisy, vulgar lecturer on Temperance, and an equally zealous supporter of the Fugitive Slave Law and the sham Democracy. He is now playing a game that is at once base and characteristic. The friends of Temperance, not long ago, addressed letters to the Whig and Democratic candidates for Governor respectively, asking an expression of their views in relation to a prohibitory liquor law. Judge Pollock, the Whig candidate, gave a direct and satisfactory reply, while Gov. Bigler, the tool of the Slavocracy, answered equivocally. Mr. Chambers is now circulating, in an under-hand way, a *private* epistle from Bigler, of a character entirely different from his published letter, and written for the purpose of retaining the support of the Temperance Democrats without forfeiting that of the rum party. The trick is worthy of the pardoner of that Barabbas of crime, Alberti, and of the Rev. rowdy of the *Half*-World's Convention.

A Dark Prospect.—Mr. M. E. Lewis, editor of the *North Mississippian*, having been on a visit to his birthplace in Herkimer County, N. Y., wrote home to his paper a doleful account of the state of public opinion in that region. His lamentations and forebodings are to us very edifying, and we cannot forbear to give a specimen thereof, as follows:

"In this village we see some fifty *Daily Tribunes* sold daily, while we have not seen a single paper friendly to the South, such as the *Herald*, *National Democrat* and *Washington Union*, since we have been here. There is in town a runaway slave of ex-President Tyler's, who was his servant, and left him at the Springs. It would take a company of soldiers to take him. Thomas H. Benton and W. H. Seward are the popular men for the Presidency, while repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and no more slave territory is the platform. We have been an enthusiastic Union man. We have thought that 'a second sober thought,' the advice of the patriots of the past, interest and love for the Union would restrain the spirit of fanaticism at the North. We hope so yet. Sincerely trust so. Yet we must say, in our opinion, the future looks dark; a cloud has gathered, dark and portentous, that may raise a storm that even the strong bulwarks of the Union cannot stand. We always expect to be a Union man; yet when that Union cannot be had on terms of equality with the North, we are for an Union of the South. We stand on the platform of 1850—pledged that when the Fugitive Slave Law is repealed, the Union party of the South are to lead the van; *where to*, it needs no prophet to tell. We do not wish to be considered a croaker, of an excitable temperament, frightened at the shadow of danger (we hope we may be mistaken), yet we have been for the last three weeks in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, during which time we have taken particular pains to ascertain public sentiment, have conversed with many gentlemen well posted in Northern feeling, and examined the country press, and must say that we do not believe that the South can stay in the Union half a dozen years on terms of equality, unless a great change takes place in public sentiment in the North, of which at present there are no signs."

The Northup Kidnappers.—The Saratoga *Whig* states that more evidence has been discovered of the guilt of the persons arrested for kidnapping Solomon Northup. It says:

"There is a man ready to come forward and swear that Russell once told him the whole story of carrying off, drugging and selling the negro, just as he (Northup) tells it in the book. If we could get the whole history of the unravelling the coil of testimony which was shown upon the examination, it would read more like a romance than reality. The discovery of one link after another, when the first start was made, rarely occurs except in the winding-up chapter of a novel. A man read the history Northup's captivity as published by him, and his description tallied with that of an acquaintance whose reputation was none of the best, and who had been suspected of some such crimes. That man happened to make his appearance in the neighbourhood, and information was immediately transmitted to where the negro was supposed to reside. The negro comes out with his warrant, and the arrest of Merrill caused a little talk in the neighbourhood and some curiosity was felt to see him. Among others who called to see him, is a person who remembers seeing him during his journey in company with Merrill and Russell. He recognises him and informs him where Russell is to be found. The arrest and examination of the prisoners and publication of the evidence keeps up the attention of the public, and now we have the evidence offered as above noted. No one acquainted with the negro knew anything about where to look for the kidnappers, nor the evidence to convict when they caught them, but everything has been voluntarily tendered, the only trouble having been in some cases that the witnesses feared to come forward, knowing the desperate character of the prisoners, but we have no fears but that they will be convicted."

John Van Buren in England.—We published last week the strange announcement of the London *Morning Advertiser* that John Van Buren would attend the Anti-Slavery Conference at Manchester, on the first of August, he having gone to England for that purpose! It appears that on the day following that upon which the announcement was given—to-wit, upon the 18th of July—the *Advertiser* corrected its blunder by the insertion of the following paragraph:

"American slavery—mr. j. van buren.

"We are requested by Mr. John Van Buren to state that the paragraph which appeared in our paper yesterday, to the effect that he will attend the Anti-Slavery Conference, to be held at Manchester, next month, is incorrect. Mr. Van Buren adds, that while he entertains strong feelings on the subject of slavery, and expresses them freely at home, nothing is farther from his purpose than to take any part whatever in the discussions on the subject elsewhere."

The 'Prince,' it will be perceived, is careful to take credit to himself for "entertaining strong feelings on the subject of slavery, and expressing them *at home*." Such is the tribute which even an apostate to the cause of liberty is constrained to pay to that cause in Anti-Slavery England! "At home" he is too busy to trouble himself about the interests of "negroes in Nebraska," but in England he is an Abolitionist with "strong feelings," only a little scrupulous about discussing the question with foreigners!

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, August 14th, 1854.

The Kansas and Nebraska Emigration scheme finds favour in this State as well as elsewhere. An association is in process of formation in this city for the purpose of co-operating with the Emigrant Aid Company in assisting persons who may need help to migrate to and settle in the new territories. Preliminary meetings have been held, a Constitution and By-Laws have been adopted, and a charter obtained from the Supreme Court of the State, under which the Association is to be organized.

Pennsylvania, it would seem, is to have the honour of establishing the first printing press in the new Territory of Kansas. G. W. Brown, Esq., late of the *Connawtville* (Pa.) *Courier*, assisted by a Mr. Brewster, will start a paper, to be called the "Herald of Freedom," on or about the first of October, at the principal commercial town to be established by the Emigrant Aid Company.

On the whole, this Nebraska conspiracy is likely to prove, next to the Fugitive Slave Law, the best move for Abolitionists that the slaveholders have yet made. They carried their point in Congress, but in doing so they gained a loss. Their victory is proving a barren one, and "costs more than it comes to." Let us look at a few of the main items in the account.

The slaveholders' gain is that they have repealed an odious precedent and established, as they understand it, a favourite principle. The precedent is the Missouri Compromise, by which Slavery is inhibited beyond a certain arbitrary line, and the principle is that citizens of the United States have a right to carry their property to any Territory they please under the Constitution. But this is a rule that will work both ways. The Missouri line was equally odious to the Abolitionists. It not only kept Slavery from going North, but it restrained Freedom from going South. Its repeal, though effected from a bad motive, is a good thing. In the first place, it breaks down the undue respect felt by northern people for southern compromises. It teaches them their true value; showing that their only use was to aid the slaveholder in the possession of his property and the extension of his power, and that when they ceased to accomplish this purpose, they were cast aside as of no further service. Northern people are beginning to understand this matter, and are now inclined to look upon these compromises with as much contempt as they formerly did with respect. The Missouri Compromise is gone; so is that of 1850, and the next step will be to put in the same category those of the Federal Constitution. The day for that is not far distant. This I regard as the great gain, from this contest, to Abolitionism. It far outweighs, in my judgment, all the advantages, which I admit are by no means inconsiderable, accruing to Slavery.

Then there are some minor benefits which are by no means to be overlooked; such as the extensive moral agitation produced by it, and the rousing effect it has had upon the North. It has made thousands of new enemies to the slave system, and has excited to some degree of hostile action tens of thousands who before hated without opposing it. While it permits Slavery to enter the new Territories, Freedom, with her beneficent institutions, is not prohibited. She enters with a zeal and a stimulus to effort, which is sure to give her the supremacy and to enable her to stamp her character upon the community which is in the process there of formation. Freedom will entrench herself there, and will be ready to meet aggressiveness by aggression. The southern propagandists, instead of being met with passive connivance, will have to encounter active resistance. The war will be carried into the enemy's camp, and the weapons of the slaveholders will be used for their own destruction.

A note-worthy circumstance has of late occurred in this city, which, of course, has not escaped your attention. Commissioner Ingraham and Marshal Wynkoop have been engaged in the arrest and prosecution of a party charged with kidnapping negroes and holding them as slaves. The Marshal, it is said, has shown almost as much zeal in arresting the offender as if he had been a black fugitive from the South, and Commissioner Ingraham could not have heard the case with more impartiality, though he might have done so with more pleasure, if the result of the trial had been to favour the cherished cause of Slavery. Some of your readers, knowing the characters of these men, may be at a loss to understand this, but a few words will make it plain.

The charge against the defendant is, not that he caught negroes and sold them into slavery, but that he did so on a foreign coast. If his victims had been from the coast of Virginia instead of that of Guinea, it would have made all the difference in the world. The Foreign slave trade, you know, is piracy, punishable with death; the domestic traffic is one of our most cherished branches of commerce.

The facts of the case are that the Brig *Grey Eagle*, formerly of Philadelphia, was seized near Havana, by a British cruiser, after she had succeeded in landing 600 slaves. The captain, whose name is McDonald, made his escape, with the mate, to Havana, whence they took passage on board a vessel bound for New York. The mate died on the passage. Information of the facts having been given to a United States officer, the services of Marshal Wynkoop were put in requisition, and the captain was arrested. A hearing was had before Commissioner Ingraham, as already intimated, and the captain has been fully committed for trial at the next term of the Circuit Court. The evidence against him is clear, but there is not the slightest probability of his ever suffering the legal penalty of his crime.

It is well known that the African slave trade is carried on in American bottoms, under the American flag, and to a considerable extent by American capital. In our principal sea-ports it is believed there are many persons directly interested in the business. Who and how many of these belong to Philadelphia, it is of course impossible to say. When the effort which is now being made to repeal the law of Congress against the Foreign slave trade shall have proved successful, we shall perhaps know all about it, as there will then be no legal necessity for secresy.

I spoke in my last of our City Councils, and intimated that their numerical force greatly exceeded their power morally and intellectually, and as proof of this I mentioned the fact that they were much under the control of the present ill-constructed and mischievous Fire Department. Another fact illustrative of the same thing is that they are, to a still greater extent, subject to the control of the new secret society, called "Know-Nothings." I learn, from a source that ought to be entitled to credit, that all the members of the Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia, except 15, are either directly connected with this organization, or in acknowledged sympathy with it in sentiment. This, if true, and of its substantial verity I think there can be no doubt, is a fact calling for attention and demanding reprobation. Here is a legislative body, scarcely inferior in importance to that of the State, controlled by and amenable to a secret and irresponsible tribunal. This ought not so to be, no matter what may be said in favour of the object of the organization or of the men who compose it.—Secret societies are wrong in principle and cannot fail to be injurious in their action. They may serve some good purposes, but they will be sure to be perverted to bad ones. Honesty is "without concealment"; Innocence wears an "open face"; a righteous cause wants nothing "done in a corner." A secret society is liable, from its very nature, to perversion; and when the object, like that of the one under consideration, is of a mixed religious and political character, the most mischievous results are to be apprehended.

The Know-Nothings—a stupid name, by the way, and one that stamps the thing as originating in ignorance and narrowness—are organizing extensively all over the country. They are numerous and very active at the South. Nativeism, you know, originated at New Orleans, and this is only another form of the same thing. It has been discovered that it can be used for the benefit of slavery, and the propagandists have resolved to press it into their service. Through it, Mr. Fillmore's nomination by the Whig party is to be made sure, and by it the popular anti-Nebraska, anti-slavery feeling of the North is to be diverted into another channel. "Anti-Popery and Anti-Foreign influence" is to be the rallying cry, and "Americans and American institutions" the watchword, and the secret order of Know-Nothings to be used for this purpose. So, at least, I have heard, and that on evidence that makes the story quite credible. The thing seems likely in itself. It is like the slaveholder to plot and plan and burrow in secret to effect his end. Hidden intrigue has done much for the promotion of his dark purposes in times past. Why should not much be expected from it in time to come?

The advantages to accrue to Slavery from the nomination of Mr. Fillmore are obvious. If he, a pro-slavery man, should be elected, well; if his opponent of the sham Democracy should be chosen, better. Whatever may be trumps, the slaveholders will be sure to have a good hand.

I always respected Wm. H. Seward for his earnestness and zeal in opposing Native Americanism, and I now honour him for his consistency and courage in condemning the secret Society of Know-Nothings. Mr. Seward is a wise man in his generation; a head and shoulders above all other politicians on the American stage. There is one subject, however, on which he is not wise—that is the subject of the Dissolution of the Union. On this he talks foolishly and somewhat out of temper. He speaks of dissolution as an impossibility, and treats it as a thing not worthy of consideration. This is simply absurd: The separation of the Northern from the Southern States may not be an event to be desired, but to take the ground that the thing is impossible or improbable, or that it is not a question worthy of the most patient consideration, is to take ground that, to say the least, is very unstatesmanlike and untenable. Mr. Seward's position toward the Know-Nothings is much more consistent with his general character for sagacity and foresight.

There is a possibility of the programme which is to nominate Mr. Fillmore falling through, owing to the rival claims of John M. Clayton. This latter gentleman is now, it is understood, preparing an address, which he flatters himself will make his title sure to the much coveted nomination. Mr. Clayton has certainly claims that cannot be overlooked. He has ceased to go with the North, and, during the last session, he has voted, spoken and acted the blackguard most effectually for the benefit of slavery. In his amendment to the Nebraska bill, excluding foreigners from the right of suffrage in the new territories, he put in a bid for the favour at once of the slaveholders and Know-Nothings. Clayton is an unprincipled man, and an utterly unscrupulous politician, but, with all the advantages that light weight in this respect will give him in the race, his chances of winning the goal are hardly even with those of his equally unimpeded competitor, Millard Fillmore.

I see the *Independent Whig*, of Lancaster, nominates, as its candidate for President, Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, and for Vice-President, Robt. T. Conrad, of Philadelphia.

"We are in favour of these gentlemen being run by the People," says the *Whig*, "without regard to old party ties and attachments—as Free and Independent candidates—without Convention platforms, without pledges, without national party organizations, and without the aid of political wire-workers, old hunkers, traders and schemers in politics, or office-holders. We desire that they be taken and elected by the People, untrammelled by faction, and only responsible to the People for their acts, and determined to restore the administration of the government to its original object, purity and purpose."

The *Whig* is Thaddeus Stevens's organ, and, as such, its voice on this subject may be supposed to have some significance.

But I find I am exceeding my limits, so I'll stop.

M. M. E.

B. F. Hallett, United States Attorney at Boston, is a native of Cape Cod, whither he recently went to attend the celebration of the Cape Cod Association. The following, from the *Cape Cod Advertiser*, shows how he was complimented by some of the people in that part of the old Bay State:

"It is especially worthy of note, as an evidence of the affection entertained by the liberty-loving people of Cape Cod, for the notorious Attorney who has been so zealous in aiding the slavery propagandists, and the interest they take in his movements, that an effigy of this individual was suspended at the railroad crossing near the depot at West Barnstable, sometime during the night of Tuesday, as a terror to like evil-doers. The Attorney was dressed in a black coat, fancy pants, and a black hat. A copy of the Barnstable *Patriot*, on the margin of which was written, 'We would have hung the Editor of this paper along with him but for want of time,' was pinned on to his coat-tail. The effigy bore the following inscription: 'Benj. F. Hallett, Attorney-General for Southern Kidnappers. Cape Cod disowns the traitor to liberty.' 'The accomplice of the slave-hunter, Suttle! Let him no longer pollute the soil of Massachusetts by his footsteps, nor dishonour the place of his birth by his hateful presence.' '*Judas, Arnold, Hallett*—these three are one.' In the pocket of the figure there was a note, requesting those who discovered it not to take the effigy down until after the special train from Boston, with the original on board, had passed the station, but it was taken down, and placed in solitary confinement in the freight house, some time before the train arrived."

Sanders and Kossuth.—Mr. Chesson, writing to the *Wesleyan*, thus exposes a discrepancy between the English and American versions of Kossuth's letter to Sanders. *Query.*—Did Sanders interpolate the sentence referred to, or did Kossuth, having written it in the original, expunge it in the English edition? This variation reveals the animus of Kossuth's letter, showing that it was intended to neutralize the influence of Mazzini's anti-slavery opinions in the United States. The trick was worthy of its object. Mr. Chesson says:

"In reading, to-day, the Kossuth and Sanders correspondence about Mazzini's anti-slavery letter to my friend Dr. Beard, as printed in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, I was surprised to find a difference between the English and American versions of Kossuth's letter. The closing sentence of that document, as published in the *Daily News*, is as follows: 'You are quite right in your belief that Mazzini's letter has no reference to the present agitation in the United States.' But these words are added to the above in the American edition: 'This is made certain by the fact of its being an old letter.'

"The publication of the falsehood in America, and its suppression in this country, are very significant, and prove how closely different kinds of crime are connected with each other. Kossuth unblushingly declares in America that Mazzini's letter (which was written in March and published in May of this year) is an 'old letter.' Babylon was once the glory of the world; but now it is a mass of shapeless ruins. So Kossuth was once the exalted patriot—the pure-hearted reformer; but now has he not fallen—fallen so far as to be a compromiser, 'a man of expediency,' and not of 'principle,' an associate with negro-haters, Fugitive Slave law worshippers, and men-stealers?"

John Wentworth says there is no earthly doubt that the Homestead Bill was defeated from an apprehension that, if passed, it would induce free labourers to go to Kansas. The Land Reformers will learn, after awhile, that the Slave Power is an insuperable obstacle to the reforms they so ardently desire to consummate.

The *Connawtville* (Pa.) *Courier* has passed from the hands of Mr. Brown, who has conducted it heretofore with much ability, into those of Messrs. A. J. Mason and D. Sinclair, who, if we may judge from their first number, are not likely to fail in supporting its former good character as a local newspaper, opposed to intemperance and slavery.

Important Suit at Law.—Mr. Ela, of West Roxbury, Mass., has prosecuted Mayor Smith of Boston, Gen. Edmands, and others, for damages, in the sum of $20,000, on account of injuries received by him on the day of Burns's rendition. The writ is returnable at the next term of the Supreme Court in Norfolk Co., and alleges that the plaintiff was brutally beaten and stabbed by the military and others, acting under the direction of the defendants. The *Norfolk Journal* understands that Mr. Ela, who is in the employ of Mr. Charles Marsh, druggist, was in Boston for the purpose of obtaining some goods for his employer. He attempted to go into State or India street, to go to some wholesale druggist, and having one or more phials and bottles in his possession, he was suspected of having vitriol in them for the purpose of throwing at the military. He was accordingly handled pretty roughly, and considerably injured in the affray which occurred at the foot of State street. C. M. Ellis, Esq., is plaintiff's counsel.

The Manchester Conference.—We shall probably be able in our next to give some account of the Conference held at Manchester on the 1st inst. George Thompson, Parker Pillsbury, William Wells Brown and other able speakers were expected to take part therein. Mr. Chesson, in a letter to the *Wesleyan*, thus describes its objects:

"The Conference will be held for two or three objects. One, of course, is to strengthen the hands of the American Abolitionists at the present critical crisis. Another is to do honour to the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies, and to demonstrate the success of that great act of national justice. Another is to lay down a clear and well-defined policy for the British Anti-Slavery Party (or that much of it as will be represented by the meeting) to pursue. And another is to gain the support of as many of 'the cotton-cracy' of this country as are willing to unite with us in our efforts to obtain free-labour cotton from India."

The Religion of the Slaveholding States is faithfully depicted by a very able pen on the first page of our present issue. As in water face answereth to face, so will Southern piety, in all religious denominations, answer to our correspondent's picture of Episcopalianism in South Carolina. And this Religion, the very embodiment of Atheistic selfishness, cruelty and oppression, baptizes itself (what astounding blasphemy!) in the name of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound! Such a Religion came not down from heaven, wafted hither on fragrant gales, but steamed up from the bottomless pit, laden with foulest exhalations and pregnant only with curses. May God send it speedily to its "own place," that mankind may no longer be deceived by its potent wiles or bewitched by its impious sorceries!

Slave Trade in Cuba.—Recent advices from Cuba show that the Government is honestly determined to prevent the farther importation of slaves. Its measures to this end are rigorously enforced. A correspondent of the *Tribune* records an example of fidelity in a subordinate official, which offers a grateful contrast to the corruption so generally prevalent in all governments:

"A cargo of slaves, 450 in number, having been landed near Pinar del Rio, on the south side of this island, a poor corporal, in charge of a few men, near the place where they landed, refused to let them pass. 'Oh! here are twenty ounces for you,' said the slave-trader; 'that will enable you to take a walk to the cantina, and not see my negroes,' but the corporal refused to accept the bribe, and the slave-trader increased it up to one hundred, and at last to two hundred ounces; but still the corporal remained inflexible, and at length he gave information which caused the negroes to be arrested."

The Saratoga Convention.—The telegraphic report of the State Anti-Nebraska Convention, held at Saratoga on Wednesday, has reached us just at the moment of going to press. We have room only to say, that the Convention was very large—that no nominations were made—that resolutions were adopted repudiating all compromises, *save those of the Constitution*—and that the Convention adjourned to meet in Auburn, on the 26th of September, "charged with the duty of presenting candidates for State officers, to be supported at the ensuing election." Mr. Greeley sends word to the *Tribune* that "the general feeling seems to be that the work of the Convention has been well done"—that he had "not heard one murmur of dissatisfaction"—and that "expressions of good feeling are universal."

Sarah Pellet, a young woman of good ability and noble aspirations, delivered two religious discourses last Sunday in the Medical College in Fourteenth street. Having been out of the city on that day, we lost the opportunity of hearing her, but we judge from the brief reports of the *Tribune* and from the testimony of friends who were present that her discourses were favourably received. Miss Pellet was educated in part at Oberlin, and we understand that she is about to visit California as a preacher and lecturer. Success to her.

Gen. Cass, in a speech in favour of bestowing a pension on the widow of Batchelder, had the effrontery to declare that the man "fell in the holiest of causes." Think of it! a leader of American Democracy proclaiming that slave-catching is a *holy* occupation! "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness."

The State Council of Coloured Men, which closed its proceedings at Syracuse on Thursday of last week, resolved, among other things, to petition the Legislature for a change in the State Constitution, so as to place coloured men upon a footing of political equality with white men; and white and coloured children together in our common schools.

William Wells Brown expected to sail from Liverpool for Boston on the 5th instant, in the steamer America, now (Wednesday) over due. He will meet a cordial welcome from his old friends, who, having rejoiced in his success abroad, will be glad to have him once more in their midst, to aid them in the struggle with American Slavery.

Case of S. M. Booth.—We shall publish next week the reasons officially assigned by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin for denying Mr. Booth's second application for a *habeas corpus*.

Summary.

Judge Norris, of Ohio, has decided that a slave brought into that State, by or with the consent of his owner, and afterwards escaping into a free State, is free, and cannot be remanded to slavery.

The Massachusetts Whig State Convention, assembled at Boston on Wednesday last, nominated Emory Washburn for re-election as Governor of that State, and Wm. C. Plunkett was nominated for Lieut. Governor.

A Sockdologer! — The New Bedford *Mercury*, alluding to the Greytown affair, says that the Administration has shown more magnanimity than could have been expected by its most ardent admirers. It felt obliged to thrash somebody, and *it has taken one of its size!*

The Warrenton (Va.) *Whig* states that Easter, a negro woman, the property of Mrs. Eliza F. Carter, near Upperville, in Fauquier county, died on the 17th July, having attained the age of 140 years. This is one of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record.

In a place in Essex county, a woman may be seen binding sheaves after the reapers, who, in that, is a match for any of them. She is not *obliged* to do it, but, having become expert at the business in her own country (Ireland), she chooses in this way to get a dollar and a half or two dollars a day during harvest, rather than earn less in some other.—*Bost. Traveller.*

Touching Gratitude.—A poor Irish woman applied, a few days since, for relief to our well known citizen, Mr. Longworth, who, in compliance with her urgent appeals, finally handed her a dime. Sinking on her knees, she devoutly thanked God, and then, turning to Mr. Longworth, continued, "and when in another world, I see you in torment, I will remember your kindness and give you a cup of cold water for this that you have done to me."—*Cincinnatti paper.*

To be Hung.—The Anderson (S. C.) *Gazette* of the 2d inst. says: "We are informed that on Thursday last three slaves, the property of Mr. Larkin Barmore, of Abbeville district, were convicted of the murder of a Mr. Maddox, the overseer of Mr. Barmore, and sentenced to be hung. The evidence upon which they were convicted was their own acknowledgment of the commission of the deed. This will be a severe loss to Mr. B., as he has already this summer lost four negroes by disease."

A Cloud of Witnesses.—The extraordinary number of *four thousand four hundred* immigrants landed at this port yesterday. A very large proportion were Germans, shipped from the ports of Bremen and Hamburg. The remainder came from Havre and Liverpool. There were several births and nine deaths on board the vessels during the passage; and, strangely enough, there were no patients requiring Hospital treatment on their arrival here.—*Times, 11th.*

Mr. Burritt.—Elihu Burritt, Esq. sailed from Boston for Liverpool, on the 2nd inst., per the Niagara. He was accompanied by one of his nieces, Miss Anna Burritland, of New Britain, Ct. The Springfield *Republican* says: "Mr. Burritt goes in excellent health and spirits, to devote another year's effort, in England and upon the Continent, chiefly in furtherance of his favourite and important enterprise, ocean penny postage; and we hope his most sanguine expectations will be triumphantly realized."

At the recent Western Virginia Methodist Conference, a preacher became a slaveholder by marriage. To satisfy the Conference, the preacher and his wife gave their written promise to set the slaves free at a fixed age; and the oldest, now 28 years of age, had four years given him to employ for himself solely in buying his wife, who was owned by another person. But another preacher of the Conference saw fit to *sell* two slaves, and then went and joined the "Methodist Episcopal Church *South*"—well knowing his fate had be remained in the "Methodist Episcopal Church."

Amherst College.—President Hitchcock has resigned his position as the head of the college. He has filled the post since 1845, and done much to place the college in its existing high, honourable, and strong position, both intellectually and pecuniarly. He retires because his health will not permit the continuance of the heavy cares and duties which the place imposes. Rev. W. A. Stearns, of Cambridgeport, has been chosen to fill the vacancy.

Brownson's Review.—Our readers are doubtless aware of the erection of a new Roman Catholic University in Dublin, of which Dr. Newman is to be President. On looking about for Professors, the Chair of Geography was offered to Dr. Brownson. He declined it, and asked for that of Philosophy, which was refused. Since then, the Doctor has had no great sympathy with foreigners or foreign institutions, as may be seen by a perusal of a late number of his Review—the Know-Nothing article, which, by the way, caused Archbishop Hughes to send a peremptory order to "stop his Review."—*New York Times.*

Manufacture of Negroes.—Dr. Vanhuss, of Mississippi, says the Eutaw *Whig*, writes to the West *Alabamian* that a Dr. Lioburgs has discovered a tincture, or ointment, which, if applied by certain rules, will in a few days change the fairest skin on earth to the real African hue, and that the children of those thus blackened will be black or half black, as was the case with their parents, and that all the soap and water in the world cannot wash it off. The doctor also composed another wash which makes the hair as kinKey as that of the real African. The end of it all is—he can make a negro. We think the Southern States should purchase the patent right of it.

"Uncle Sam."—The death of Samuel Wilson, an aged, worthy, and formerly enterprising citizen of Troy, will remind those who are familiar with the incidents of the War of 1812, of the origin of the popular soubriquet for the "United States." Mr. Wilson, who was an extensive packer, had the contract for supplying the Northern army with beef and pork. He was everywhere known and spoken of as "Uncle Sam," and the "U. S." branded on the heads of barrels for the army were at first taken to be the initials of "Uncle Sam" Wilson, but finally lost their local significance, and became, throughout the army, the familiar term for "United States." The Wilsons were among the earliest and most active citizens of Troy. "Uncle Sam," who died yesterday, was 94 years old.—*Albany Evening Journal, Aug.* 1.

Personal.—Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, preached to immense audiences at the Universalist church in Cambridgeport, Sunday. People came a great distance from the towns in the vicinity to hear him. We regret to learn, this morning, that the mother of Mr. Chapin died in this city last night, after an illness of a few days. She was so much better yesterday morning that hopes were entertained of her recovery, and her affectionate son left her bedside to fulfil his engagement at Cambridge, but a change took place in the evening, and she died in a few hours. The deceased was in the 69th year of her age.—*Boston Transcript, 7th.*

A Georgia planter, who died a year ago, leaving a very large estate, embracing, besides land and money, one hundred and fifty fine, healthy negro slaves, and no nearer heirs than nephews and nieces, directed, by his will, that the negroes should be emancipated and settled in Indiana or Illinois, and left a large portion of his property to buy them farms and farming implements and stock. But the laws of Indiana and Illinois forbid the settlement of such population within the borders of those States, and in this dilemma, it being evident that the will cannot be implicitly obeyed, the executors are desirous of sending the negroes to Liberia, whither a part of them, who are very intelligent, are anxious to go. The case has been brought to the notice of the American Colonization Society, and will be thrown into the Georgia Courts for adjustment.

Six at Once.—A German woman, in a one-horse wagon, passed through this city on Tuesday going from her residence, a few miles west of town on a visit to her husband, who had been taken sick at the place where he was working in the country east of town. She had with her in the wagon, snugly propped up in a wine basket, six children, all the product of one birth. They were not much bigger than apple dumplings, but seemed to be wide awake and kicking. They were six months old, all boys, and all as near a size as possible, except the runt of the party, which is described as being the smallest mortal of its age ever seen. We state this with serious misgivings of its truth, relating it as it came to us, at second-hand from an eye witness—a lady of character in this city—who saw and counted the children, and had the mother's word that they were all here at a single birth.—*Dayton Gazette.*

Christian Courtesies.—Whilst their new church

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

THE Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven, by the kalendar—
A lily's almost as tall—
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me
To spurn and scorn and scout me;
But ah! I've a notion it's naught but play—
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

When she rides on her nag away,
By park and road and river,
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
And oh! what faces, what faces!
What petulant, pert grimaces!
Why, the very pony prances and winks,
And tosses his head, and plainly thinks
He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes and nestles and purrs and pries
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And says, "I love you dearly!"

Oh! the Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
But ah! I've a notion it's nought but play—
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

Brussels. —(*London*) *Athenæum.*

HINTS TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

IN this writing age, when every man and woman who has a grievance to complain of, or a mission to promulgate, addresses him or herself to the public through the medium of the press, the editor of a popular periodical needs not apologize for devoting a portion of his columns to a few words on the mechanical part of an author's functions. Among the many perplexities which encompass an editor, those which result from involved, confused, and illegible, or partly legible manuscripts are by no means the least; and it is with the view of lessening the amount of such perplexities, and of rendering at the same time a service to our contributors, and to all contributors and correspondents to public jurnals, that we advert to the subject.

The first consideration we shall suggest to our friends, as one which is likely to be of as much weight as any, is a consideration of policy and self-interest. Of course, every one who transmits his lucubrations to an editor does so with the hope, if not quite with the confident expectation, of seeing them in print; but, however great be their value, it must be evident that, if their merits be not patent to him who is the judge and arbiter of their fate, their chance of insertion is but small. Now, as a score of manuscripts may come by a single post—what happens with the blotty, scratchy, and undecipherable one? Generally, after a rueful glance and fruitless endeavour to spell them out, they are dropped into the basket, and deferred to that hypothetical period, "a future opportunity," for examination; while those which are clearly written in good black ink are rapidly read, and disposed of according to their deservings at once. To-morrow's post brings a new batch, and those which are burried to-day lie under a fresh stratum to-morrow; and so on from day to day.

Another consideration is, that of justice to others. Leaving out of view the time of the editor—which is often wofully frittered away in attempts to get at his correspondent's meaning—there is the time of the compositor, which is his sole estate, to be taken into account. A compositor, be it known, undertakes to arrange, in order for printing, a thousand letters, to punctuate grammatically, and to return each letter to its separate box when printed off—and all for something less than sixpence, correcting his own errors for nothing. Now it must be plain that he can only earn a living by very rapid manipulation, and that if he be frequently brought to a standstill by illegible writing, it is but a sorry living that he will earn at all. He has, therefore, *a right*; and those who set before him a scrawl of puzzling hieroglyphics, whatever they may intend, do virtually pick his pocket by diminishing his wages. The compositor's grievances in this respect have been by no means few nor light, and some curious revelations might be made in that particular. There have always been, at least within our remembrance, some well-known writers for the press, whose names have been to the ear of the compositor synonymous with such words as "famine," "short commons," "pennilessness," &c. A late excellent divine, whose name is justly dear to thousands, was a terrible bugbear to the printer's journeyman; to work upon his conglomerate of blots and scratches, by courtesy called manuscript, was to starve at a shilling a-day. We have known an excellent compositor, who could earn his two guineas a-week, so panic-stricken by the bare sight of a new work by this reverend gentleman, as to gather up his tools, rush out of the house, and pack off his wife and family to London by the night-coach, as the only means of escaping from poverty. It was, in fact, the wisest thing he could have done; because the allowance paid by the trade for "bad copy" is a merely nominal sum, and never compensates for a tithe of the labour occasioned by illegible writing. Another remarkable hieroglyphist was the late Sharon Turner, author of the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. This gentleman, who received three hundred a-year from Government as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his *Sacred History of the World* upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, gray, drab or green, written in thick round hand over the small print; of shreds of curling-paper, unctuous with pomatum or bear's grease, and of the white wrappers in which his proofs were sent from the printer's. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanishing in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of this paper that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy.

A more amusing cacographer was the once celebrated Dr. Trusler, the author of some hundred or two of volumes now nearly all forgotten. He printed his latest works in Bath, whither he had retired in his old age. He continued to write and publish after the age of fourscore. His writing grew worse and worse: for some years there had been but one compositor in the town who could read it, and at length it had grown too mysterious even for him. The printer sent him with the manuscript to the doctor, with a request that he would read it over to the youth. "Oh—um—oh!" said the octogenarian—"very reasonable, too—but you see I have not been able to read my own writing these three years; and if *you* can't read it, why it is time that I should have an amanuensis"—and he engaged an amanuensis accordingly.

Lady candidates for literary fame are apt to commit trifling delinquences, which, however unimportant they appear, often defeat their own ends. Sometimes comes a crossed manuscript, in the horizontal and perpendicular style, which invariably drops into the basket; sometimes comes a communication signed only with initials, or with a poetical pseudonym. We were lately favoured with a contribution from a lady, requesting its immediate return if unsuitable, but giving no address. Of course we could not reply. Six consecutive letters of inquiry followed in the course of three weeks—all lacking the address, but the last two or three swelling with a sense of displeasure at our silence. At length a gentleman—horsewhips in his face—came in to demand an explanation, and bounced out as quickly when he had it, considerably more than satisfied.

A few hints to rising authors, hints of which, judging from editorial experience, many of them stand very much in need, will not be here out of place. First, then, writing intended to be printed should be clear and legible, upon cream-coloured, not blue paper, and in good black ink. Secondly, the paper must never be written on both sides—an author should consider that paper *has* but one side, and there should be a margin of at least an inch on the left hand side of the page. Fourthly, all the sheets should be of the same size, without fragments pasted or wafered on, and carefully folioed. And lastly, each article, unless the writer is well known to the editor, should be endorsed with the title of the paper, and the name and address of the contributor.

Many legible writers are frequently careless in the matter of proper names and unusual or obsolete words. These should always be written with the utmost distinctness, with every letter properly formed, as the context, for the most part, affords no helps for deciphering them when illegible. The consequence of inattention to this duty is visible in half the books, and still more of the periodicals, which we take up from time to time. The same remark applies to quotations in other languages, which one rarely sees perfectly correct as to orthography and accent.

Let us be allowed to commend these hints and suggestions to young authors. If they should succeed in their vocation, and attain a world-wide celebrity, they can indulge in what whims of penmanship they choose, and may sign their names, as many a noble lord and eminent lawyer does at the present hour, without using a single one of the letters that go to spell it. Strange that the height of refinement should produce in this respect the same effect as the depth of ignorance. The end of all writing, however, is reading; and we have shown the candidates for literary reward that one of the surest steps towards being read in print is to be readily readable in manuscript—always supposing, however—let not that be forgotten—that truth, beauty, or goodness, in some shape or other, be the burden of their compositions.—*From the Leisure Hour.*

DINNER-HOURS.

"IN Henry VII.'s time the court dined at eleven in the forenoon. But even that hour was considered so shockingly late in the French court, that Louis XII. actually had his grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave, by changing his regular hour of half-past nine for eleven, in gallantry to his young English bride. He fell a victim to late hours in the forenoon. In Cromwell's time they dined at one P.M. One century and a half had carried them on by two hours. Doubtless, old cooks and scullions wondered what the world would come to next. Our French neighbours were in the same predicament. But they far surpassed us in veneration for the meal. They actually dated from it. Dinner constituted the great era of the day. *L'apres dîner* is almost the sole date which you find in Cardinal De Retz's memoirs of the *Fronde*. Dinner was their *Hegira*—dinner was their *line* in traversing the ocean of day; they crossed the equator when they dined. Our English Revolution came next; it made some little difference, I have heard people say, in church and state; I dare-say it did, like enough, but its great effects were perceived in dinner. People now dined at two. So dined Addison for his last thirty years; so, through his entire life, dined Pope, whose birth was coëval with the revolution. Precisely as the rebellion of 1745 arose, did people (but observe, very great people) advance to four P.M. Philosophers, who watch the 'semina rerum,' and the first symptoms of change, had perceived this alteration singing in the upper air like a coming storm some little time before. About the year 1740, Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as four. Young people may bear those things, he observed; but as to himself, now turned of fifty, if such doings went on, if Lady Suffolk would adopt such strange hours, he must really absent himself from Marble Hill. Lady Suffolk had a right to please herself; he himself loved her. But, if she would persist, all which remained for a decayed poet was respectfully to cut his stick, and retire. Whether Pope ever put up with four o'clock dinners again, I have vainly sought to fathom. Some things advance continuously, like a flood or a fire, which always make an end of A, eat and digest it, before they go on to B. Other things advance *per saltum*—they do not silently cancer their way onwards, but lie as still as a snake after they have made some noble conquest, then, when unobserved, they make themselves up 'for mischief,' and taking a flying bound onwards. Thus advanced Dinner, and by these fits got into the territory of evening. And even as it made a motion onwards, it found the nation more civilized (else the change could not have been effected), and co-operated in raising them to a still higher civilization. The next relay on that line of road, the next repeating frigate, is Cowper in his poem on 'Conversation.' He speaks of four o'clock as still the elegant hour for dinner—the hour for the *lautiores* and the *lepidi homines*. Now this might be written about 1780, or a little earlier; perhaps, therefore, just one generation after Pope's Lady Suffolk. But then Cowper was living amongst the rural gentry, not in high life; yet, again, Cowper was nearly connected by blood with the eminent Whig house of Cowper, and acknowledged as a kinsman. About twenty-five years after this, we may take Oxford as a good exponent of the national advance. As a magnificent body of 'foundations,' endowed by kings, nursed by queens, and resorted to by the flower of the national youth, Oxford ought to be elegant and even splendid in her habits. Yet, on the other hand, as a grave seat of learning, and feeling the weight of her position in the commonwealth, she is slow to move: she is inert as she should be, having the functions of *resistance* assigned to her against the popular instinct (surely active enough) of *movement*. Now, in Oxford, about 1804-5, there was a general move in the dinner hour. Those colleges who dined at three, of which there were still several, now began to dine at four; those who had dined at four, now translated their hour to five. These continued good general hours till about Waterloo. After that era, six, which had been somewhat of a gala hour, was promoted to the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary; and there perhaps it will rest throughout centuries. For a more festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, ten, have all been in requisition since then; but I am not aware of any man's habitually dining later than ten P.M., except in that classical case recorded by Mr. Joseph Miller, of an Irishman who must have dined much later than ten, because his servant protested, when others were enforcing the dignity of their masters by the lateness of their dinner hours, that *his* master invariably dined 'to-morrow.'"—*De Quincey.*

LETTER FROM CHARLES LAMB.

"Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield.

"DEAR PATMORE—Excuse my anxiety—but how is Dash? (I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules and was improving—but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing). Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in *his* conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water. If he wont lick it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time—but that was in *Hyder*-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his old ways. It might amuse Mrs. Patmore and the children. They'd have more sense than be! He'd be like a Fool kept in the family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad bowl. *Madge Owl-et* would be nothing to him. 'My, how he capers!' (One of the children speaks this.) . .

(*Here three lines are erased.*)

"What I scratched out is a German quotation from Lessing on the bite of rabid animals; but, I remember, you don't read German. But Mrs. Patmore may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness as you would avoid a fire or a precipice'—which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we.

"If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast, that all is not right with him (Dash), muzzle him, and lead him in a string (common packthread will do; he don't care for twist) to Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr. H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

"We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly, at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chace, Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailor (which rhymes), but his wife was a fine lady.

"Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. Patmore's regimen. I send my love in a ——to Dash.

C. LAMB."

On the *outside* of the letter (a letter sent by the public post) is written—"Seriously, I wish you would call on Hood when you are that way. He's a capital fellow. I sent him a couple of poems—one ordered by his wife, and written to order; and 'tis a week since, and I've not heard from him. I fear something is the matter.

"Omitted within:

"Our kindest remembrance to Mrs. P."—*Patmore's "My Friends and Acquaintances."*

INVOLUNTARY APOSTLESHIP.

"INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE"—to employ the delicate expression of the Chief Magistrate of the United States of America—has made another step of progress in the great Western Republic, let us hope towards its own destruction. The Nebraska Bill has received the sanction of considerable majorities of the two Legislative bodies—and we conclude is, ere this, part and parcel of the National Law. The Rubicon has therefore been passed—the geographical line has been crossed, the compromise has been broken. There is nothing now in the National Statute Book to prevent the "peculiar institution" from being introduced into another favoured territory. Satan has become heir-presumptive to another fair possession. We have already said what we think of this new acquisition of the powers of darkness, and of the bearing which it has on the general question of compromises with evil. We then ventured to conjecture that possibly good might arise out of this very extension of the legitimate slave-territory; and that a healthier spirit might be roused in the body of the nation than that which presided over the defunct geographical compromise. Perhaps some will think there is a very poor prospect of any such advance in popular sentiment, when a fresh concession to Slavery has just obtained the sanction of the National Assemblies. Certainly, if we interpreted the proceedings of these Representative Bodies by the strict theory of the American Constitution, we should be induced to retract our anticipation of immediate good from the success of the Nebraska Bill. But the old country itself is rich in instances of frequently beneficial inconsistencies between theory and practice; and so it is, we apprehend, even with our new-light cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. Theoretically, the feelings of the various States of America, northern as well as southern, are fully represented by the National Legislature. Practically, however, some little deduction has to be made, and it is found by experience that a measure may pass triumphantly through a so-called popular representative which is entirely at variance with the popular feelings of at least one-half of the united commonwealths. It is a great mistake to suppose that a strong and general expression of opinion from the most respectable and respected quarters against a measure is at all decisive against its success in the American Congress. On the contrary, it has been seen that in the present instance the voice of the Church itself has been worthily uplifted against the new wrong, without producing more than a temporary check to the progress of the Bill against which it protested. The Nebraska Bill, if unpopular with all whose opinion is valued out of doors, is seemingly very dear to the hearts of the majority of legislators within. We believe that the opposition which has been manifested in influential quarters to that Bill would have been most certainly fatal to the success of any measure in the British House of Commons, but in democratic America it seems after a brief delay to have led rather to an acceleration of its progress through Congress. Massachusetts, which occupies so honourable a position, both historically and politically, in the eyes of the world, among the United Republics, has protested vigorously against the iniquity, nor has hers been a solitary voice. In vain. The stamp of slavery is renewed on the face of the American Constitution, and Massachusetts must bear her share in the general ignominy. Not in silence, we hope; not without renewed protests; not without increased perception of the real position in which this question of transatlantic questions has placed, and must ever still place, her and all other so-called Free States of America; not without a quickened sense of shame at the deepening slough into which her southern ties are yearly sinking her. In this we place our hopes for the future, and if the Nebraska bill effects this, its admission as part of the law of the land will not be ultimately the source of grief and indignation which it at present is.

We do not speak without experience of the past. Another law is doing its part towards the great consummation which so many anxiously look forward to. The Fugitive Slave Law, with its constant deeds of oppression ever in the eyes of the nation, is an untiring apostle of Emancipation in the cities of America. There is no longer room for far-off refinings-away of the "Domestic institution"—for philosophical idealizations of servile elysiums. The slave is taken from before the doors of the placid speculatists, and his outcry against wrong pierces through their closed window-sashes, and its echos linger in the temples where they worship, in solemn appeal to the GOD of the oppressed. The effect is that that the Fugitive Slave Law is rapidly assuming in its working the appearance of an act of military violence, against which the civic conscience raises a cry of execration. When "Regulars" and artillery have to be called in to effect the delivery of a Fugitive to renewed captivity, under the express provisions of the National Law, we may be sure that that Law itself only remains until by its presence it has provoked a spirit of resistance in the land, which will (we trust) not rest contented with its simple repeal.—(*London*) *Inquirer.*

LAST DAYS OF WOLSEY.

"MOST fallen statesmen carry with them the sympathy of a party, and churchmen in disgrace with the Crown are backed by the affection and the prayers of their order; but Wolsey had none of this: he stood alone in the world. And yet not so. Thanks to Him who made us as we are, goodness is never utterly unloved; and in his greatest days he has not been received with more real honour, than in setting out upon this his last journey. As he rode through Cawood, three thousand people crowded about the gates to take leave of him; and when he came out, shouted round him, 'God save your Grace: the foul evil take them that hath taken your Grace from us; we pray God, vengeance may light on them?' Thus Cavendish heard them 'run crying after him, they loved him so well: for surely they had great loss of him, both the poor and the rich.' A similar scene took place at Pomfret and at Doncaster; wherever he passed, he was received with cries 'God save your Grace—God save your Grace, my good Lord Cardinal!'

"All this must have been something to him, if indeed his illness did not make everything alike indifferent; and on arriving at Sheffield Park he must have found himself relieved of the worst of his anxieties. Lord Shrewsbury, with the countess and his household, were waiting at the lodge-gate to receive him; Henry having himself written to desire that he might not be treated as a prisoner, but should be entertained with every honour and respect. Henry, it is certain, believed nothing of this new accusation. Whatever were his faults, hypocrisy was not one of them; and Lord Shrewsbury told the old man, at Henry's request, that he had nothing to fear. He was accused; and again, for the satisfying of 'some persons,' it was necessary to put him upon his trial; but the king himself had no mistrust of him at all. Unfortunately the persons in question had gained all they required, in having compelled him in the state in which he was to undertake such a journey. He remained nearly three weeks at Sheffield, too ill to be moved, the king writing every day with fresh instructions for his good treatment. As he grew a little better, he became possessed with a notion that when he went on, Anne Boleyn would attempt to have him murdered on the road; his words are curious and worth recording.

"'The enemy that never sleepeth, he said, but studieth and continually imagineth my utter destruction, perceiving the contentedness of my mind, doubteth that their cruel and malicious dealings would at length grow to their shame and rebuke, and goeth about therefore to prevent the same with shedding my blood.'

"It was probably an exaggerated suspicion of mental decrepitude; but so anxious had the king become for him, that he was tender even of his fears; Lord Shrewsbury had no sooner informed him of the notion with which Wolsey was possessed, than, with the most considerate kindness, he sent down Sir William Kingston to Sheffield with an escort for him, composed entirely of his own old followers.

"But a summons had gone out against Wolsey to appear before another tribunal, where no Sir William Kingston with royal escort could attend him, and no Anne Boleyn's hatred follow him. His work upon this earth, with all its nothingness of splendour, and iron reality of suffering, was drawing to a close; and a life, unexampled alike either in the extent of labour, which has been accomplished in it, or in the treatment which the world considered a due payment of such labour, was now to end. A few painful days of ineffectual effort to proceed finished the matter, and Wolsey died at the Abbey of Leicester on the 29th of November, 1530, four weeks exactly after the day of his arrest. Of his words upon his death-bed enough has been said: Shakspeare following Cavendish literally, has given them, we suppose, pretty much as they were spoken; and those among us who desire to believe evil of him, will find in them an acknowledgment of that forgetfulness of man's highest duties which they affirm to have characterized his life. Since, however, a confession of shortcoming is no more than what has fallen often from the lips of dying saints, and since in general our sense of being what we ought not to be, is in proportion to our endeavours to become what we ought to be; it is wiser not to build too much on self-accusing expressions, and to look for what he was in a fair estimate of his actions.

"Maturely weighing these, we should say that there is no great man in English history against whom so many accusations have been heaped, and against whom so few can be proved, or who excited against himself so bitter an hostility, having done so little to deserve it. With his vast talent for business, and his never wearied industry, he accomplished more actual good for England than perhaps any single minister ever did, except Lord Burghley; his faults were an intolerance of opposition, a passionate vehemence and rudeness of language, and, perhaps, an unwisely prodigal magnificence; traits of character all of them provoking to those with whom he came in collision; and especially provoking, when displayed by one meanly born in the presence of persons who would not willingly have acknowledged a common humanity with him. But they are not faults which should weigh with posterity against so much genuine excellence; still less will they justify an indiscriminate license of imagination to invent evil of him at will. We are taught to regard him as morally depraved: it were well if such lessons could be reserved till the truth of them can be proved. There is no evidence of his depravity whatever. He was temperate in his personal habits, and careful in the observance of those formal duties which were then essentials of religion: even in his most laborious days he never missed the stated services, and at his death, a hair-shirt was found upon him. Of his want of nobleness, we shall judge variously, according to our own dispositions; for the same traits which to one man are an evidence of meanness, to another will seem an evidence of something very different indeed. This, at least, we should remember—that those who knew him best loved him best; and that Henry the Eighth, of whom it is said that he never was mistaken in the character of a man, was, of all men in England, the truest mourner for the loss of a minister who had crossed him in the purpose nearest to his heart."—*Article in Westminster Review.*

THE CELEBRATED FAST PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR ENOCH LINCOLN.

[From the Maine Free Press, July 28.]

WE give below the celebrated proclamation of Gov. Lincoln, made in the year 1827. Immediately after its delivery it was printed upon satin and distributed throughout the United States. It was regarded as a remarkable document, as containing much, very much, in a few words. We reproduce it for the benefit of our readers who may not have seen it. It will be recollected that Lincoln, Parris and King were the early model governors of Maine.

[PROCLAMATION.]

"I recommend to each citizen to observe the day as a Christian; if he be under the influence of any vice, to banish it;—if in error, to correct it;—if under obligations to others, honestly to discharge them;—if suffering injuries, to forgive them;—if aware of animosities, to extinguish them:—and if able to do any benevolent act to any being, created by the Almighty Power to which he owes his existence and his faculties, to do it.

"By the advice of the Council, and in compliance with a venerated usage, I appoint THURSDAY, the *Fifth day of April next, for Humiliation Fasting and Prayer.*

"And, with a conscience thus prepared, may we visit the temple of God, to worship Him with that humble and happy disposition which always belongs to piety and innocence; beseeching him that the religion He sent by our Saviour may not be perverted through the pride and prejudices of sectarism, but may universally receive the homage of a correct faith and good works.

"Especially, I recommend that, being members of one great community, we unite as Christian politicians, so that we may render perpetual the peace and prosperity of our country and of this State.

ENOCH LINCOLN."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The sum subscribed as a testimonial to the eminent chemist, Liebig, by his English admirers, has exceed £1,000, one moiety of which has been applied to the purchase of a service of plate.

——W. M. Thackeray, it is said, has once more taken his place among the witty and humorous phalanx attached to our pleasant friend *Punch*. The immortal "Jeames" assumes the title of "Bashi-Bazouk."

——A TELEGRAPH FROM AMERICA TO EUROPE.—An agent from an American company has lately been in Copenhagen, to request the permission of the Danish government to lay down wires over Iceland and Denmark, as part of the line from America to Europe.

——The misapplication of English words by foreigners is often very ludicrous. A German friend saluted us once with, "O, good bye, good bye"—meaning, of course, "How d'ye do?" It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, when he asked if he would be helped to kippered salmon. The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word kippered, and was told that it meant preserved. The poor man, in a public prayer, soon after, offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

——MORE WORLDS THAN ONE.—We need scarcely remind the least informed of our readers that the air which they breathe, the water which they drink, the food which they eat, the earth on which they tread, the ocean which encircles them, and the atmosphere above their heads, are swarming with universal life. Wherever we have seen matter we have seen life. Life was not made for matter, but matter for life; and in whatever spot we see its atoms, whether at our feet or in the planets, or in the remotest star, we may be sure that life is there—life to enjoy the light and heat of God's bounty—to study his works, to recognise his glory, and to bless his name.—*Sir D. Brewster.*

——A discussion upon "Vegetarianism" took place the other day at Glasgow. In the course of his reply, the vegetarian who had claimed scriptural authority, stated with regard, to fish having been eaten by our Saviour or given by him to others, the word in Greek stood for "waterplant" as well as fish, and he claimed the vegetable version of the word in his favour. The waterplant was in shape like a stick of rhubarb. This was met by a question from one of the audience as to whether the miraculous draught of fishes taken by Peter, or the fish caught at the present day, were to be regarded as "waterplants" like sticks of rhubarb? This, as well as the objection relative to Elijah and the ravens was not distinctly answered by the lecturer, who was sorely pressed with objections.

——The Bishop of Perogeux (France) has issued a pastoral letter to his diocese, in which he calls vehemently upon all fathers and mothers and all heads of families to arm themselves with the precious catalogue of the Index Expurgatorius and its notes; to search their libraries and dwellings as they would search places which they suspect of being the abode of a thief or an assassin, and declare war to bad books, that is, such as the Index pronounces to be bad. He conjures them never to allow to penetrate to their domestic hearth anything that the Index condemns either specially or generally, but to lay such at the feet of their bishop. He calls upon the priesthood, and upon all preachers and directors of consciences, to aid him in enforcing these commands, which he orders to be read in all the churches of his diocese. The language of the whole publication is to the last degree inflated and hyperbolical.

——A sum of £1,200 sterling annually allotted by Government for the purpose of literary pensions has this year been bestowed as follows: £100 a year to Sir Frances Head; £100 to Mrs. Moir, widow of "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*; £100 to Alaric A. Watts; £100 to Dr. Hincks, antiquarian; £100 to daughters of Joseph Tucker, a surveyor in the navy (not known in literature); £80 to the Rev. Wm. Hickey, "Martin Doyle;" £100 to Widow of Sir Marris Nicolas; £50 to widow of Dr. Glen, missionary; £100 to widow of Oliver Lang, surveyor in navy (not known in literature); £50 to widow and daughters of Joseph Train, antiquarian; £80 to daughters of Dr. Macgillioray, naturalist; £50 to widow of James Hogg, "Ettrick Shepherd;" £40 to daughters of James Kenny, periodical literature; and £50 to Mrs. Lee, widow of Bowditch, the African traveller.

——RELIC OF CHRISTIANITY IN TIFLIS.—"It appears that the Mahometans of the Caucasus," says the *Tiflis Journal*, "have preserved several of the ceremonies of Christianity, which they professed in preceding centuries; but, in their mode of celebration, these ceremonies are much disfigured. The *fetes* in honour of the Virgin, for example, still continue. Thus, on Annunciation Day, the girls and women go in groups to gather flowers in the field, and to make presents of them to each other. The natives say that this custom arises from the fact that in annunciation an angel presented a flower to the Virgin. On the occasion of another *fete*, each girl carries a fowl to the place of worship to form part of a repast given to the people. The feast is followed by a fast in honour of the Mother of God, which lasts eight days; and the fast is concluded by a grand ceremony, in which hymns to the Virgin are sung."

——ANGLO-SAXON ENERGY.—Not many months ago, at a dinner-table at Melton, a wealthy, but somewhat *blasé* sportsman, was complaining of the contemptible character of field sports in England, as contrasted with those in countries where game of every kind was to be found worthy of the prowess of the assailant. "True enough," said a neighbour at his elbow, "true enough; there is no place in the world now left for sport but the Himalayas!" "Say you so?" replied the other. "The Himalayas! are they far off? I think I'll try them." Ringing the bell, he desired his servant to pack up forthwith two double guns, a few rifles, an ample supply of lead and powder, and at five o'clock on the following afternoon he and his valet were steaming down the channel on their way to the aforesaid Himalayas!—*New Quarterly Review for July.*

——A Signor Chardigni proposes a colossal statue to the memory of Shakspere, the statue to be a hundred feet high, of cast iron, formed by a new process which he has invented. In the statue it is proposed to have three floors, with a staircase for ascending to the top or head of the monument. These three floors will divide the statue into three rooms, of about 80 feet in circumference, and 15 feet each in height, the sides of which the artist proposes should be adorned with bassi-relievi, in cast iron, representing all the chief scenes of Shakspere's plays. In the middle of the first floor are to be statues, in cast-iron, of the Queen and Prince Albert. The third floor of the statue, reaching to the head, will afford a most splendid panoramic view of London, through the apertures for the eyes, which will be more than two feet wide. It is also proposed it should contain a library of the best editions of Shakspere's works. Busts, in cast iron, of contemporaries of Shakspere, and of those whose names have been worthily associated with his, would be fitting ornaments of the interior.

——Dr. Noble, lecturing the other day at Manchester, told the story of a French savant named Boutibouse, who at the battle of Wigram thought his legs had been shot off, whereas the cannon ball had entered the ground beneath them, and his legs had sunk into the hole. He lay motionless among the wounded and dead during the night, not daring to move a muscle, least the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded, "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah! touch me tenderly," replied M. Boutibouse, "I beseech you; a cannon ball has carried off my legs." The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, "Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you." M. Boutibouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought he had lost forever. The truth of the story is vouched for by Dr. Noble.

——EXCESS OF FEMALES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The number of the male population of Great Britain, excluding those absent in foreign countries, is 10,223,558, and the female population 10,735,919; consequently the females are in excess of the males by 512,361, or as many as would have filled the Crystal Palace five times over; how many of these were spinsters cannot be known until the second portion of the census is published. The proportion between the sexes in 1851, was 100 males to 105 females, or about the same as in 1801. The *births* during the last thirteen years give a reversed proportion, viz., 105 *boys* to 100 *girls*. How much the change in the proportions, and the subsequent disparity of the numbers in the two sexes, is due to emigration, or to a difference in the degree of the dangers and diseases to which the are respectively exposed, will be discussed when the numbers of males and females living at different periods of life are compared. The disparity in the proportions of the sexes is greatest in Scotland, there being no less than 110 females to 100 males in that country.—*Cheshire's Results of the Census.*

——AN ENGLISH SLAVE.—In a letter from a private soldier, dated Gallipoli, June 10, and addressed to his family, we read: "And another thing I have to inform you, we found a young girl here—an English girl. She was a slave to some Greek here; she was found working in the fields, by one of the women of the 28th Regiment, who was going across the fields to go to market, when the poor creature called her over, and asked her for a drink of water, and then she told her she was an Englishwoman, and had been a slave to this Greek four years; she was shipwrecked with her father when she was twelve years old. She says this fellow was a pirate when he first took her. But the soldiers went and got some clue to where these fellows were, and pulled the nest about them, and brought five of them prisoners, and brought twenty women away with them—all slaves. But they had the English girl confined in irons somewhere else. But they told the men they would hang them all there and then to a tree, if they would not tell where the Englishwoman was; and to save their lives they told, and they then found the poor girl in a dungeon underground, and in irons, with a great weight on her chest; so they released her. These men are to be tried, and they are sure to be shot. The soldiers are going to make a subscription for her; she is a native of Essex.

—— At the recent sale of the library of Mr. Gardner, of Chatteris, some of the choicest works were purchased for the British Museum. Nearly all the good books have returned to the owner a large profit. For instance, lot 338, the original edition of Boccaccio's Il Decamerone (1527), cost Mr. Gardner £28, and sold for £50; lot 461, Caxton's black-letter Historie of Reynard the Foxe, cost £150, and sold for £195; lot 462, the same printer's Golden Legende, cost £135, and sold for £230. The last named may be considered as one of the most perfect copies known, it wanting only the fifth leaf, on the recto of which is in seventeen lines the close of the table. The copy in the British Museum wants the same leaf, also leaves cv, cvi, cvii, and ccxii. The Spencer copy wants all the introductory matter. A large wood engraving, representing the murder of St. Thomas a Becket, occupies the upper part of one of the pages. The leaf is generally wanting, and alone cost Mr. Gardner £15 15s. Both these literary treasures were rescued for the British Museum. Lot 463, Caxton's Cathon, cost Mr. Gardner £40, and sold for £81. It was bought for America. Lot 649, a black-letter Chaucer, the Canterbury Tales, cost £120, and sold for £245; lot 650, Boëcius de Consolatione Philosophi, black letter, no date, cost £55, and sold for £70; lot 681, De Bry's Collection of Voyages and Travels, cost £180, and sold for £240; lot 1,137, Johannis (Sancti) Apocalypsis—a rare book, not hitherto in the British Museum—cost £91, and sold for £161. It was, of course, bought for the National Library.

——WHAT IS A NAME?—The affinity of words is by no means to be rejected because it is remote. If each step in the pedigree be clearly established, the connexion is as certain as if it consisted of but one or two stages of descent. Thus Journal is undoubtedly derived from Dies, Dies, Diurnus, Giorna, Journal. Lord Clarendon, in his life, uses Diurnals in the sense of Journals. The Archos is a vulgar name with seamen for the Archipelago, which is of itself a corruption of argeios pelagos (Midfold's "History of Greece," vol. 1.): Charter-house from Chartreux; Post-master, at Morton College, from Portionista. These corruptions are similar to those in daily use among our seamen, when they assimilate the name of a ship to some words already familiar. Bellerophon, Bully Ruffian; Beinfaisant, Bonney pheasant. So Bologne Mouth, Bull and Mouth, Belle Sauvage, Bell and Savage. This is an important principle for the etymologist to notice. It solves many phenomena in language. E. g. Bridgewater, a town in Somerset, is corrupted from Walter de Burgh; Sparrowgrass, from Asparagus; Cowcumber, from Cucumis; Biscakes, from Biscuits; "please the pigs," from "please the pix," or sacred box in which the Host was kept; country dance from contredanse, Quelques choses, Kickshaws; Hoc est corpus, Hocus pocus; Sucre brule, Barlesugar; and yet the French say sucre d'orge; Buffetier, Beefeater; Oyez, O Yes! Chaussee, Causeway; Il Janitor, John Dory; Girasole Artichoke, Jerusalem Artichoke; Chasa), Jackall; Toad-eater, from the Spanish todito, a familiar diminutive of topo (toto), one who does anything for you—a fac totum—a frequent member of the Spanish household. The word ta panta was the name of a similar personage at Rome. (See Petronius)—"Remains of the late Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Landaff, by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin."

——The *Siecle* published the following details respecting M. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte of Baltimore, and his son:

"It is on the invitation of the Emperor and Empress that these two members of the family have come into Europe. Their stay will not exceed two months. Perhaps, however, the son, who is a lieutenant in the army of the United States, will remain in Europe and go to the theatre of war in Turkey. It has been rumoured that he has manifested a desire to serve the French army; but the young man himself says that this is not true. As to his father, it is not from personal ambition that he has come to Paris. Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte is proud of his title of American citizen; he is wealthy, is the head of a numerous family, and does not meddle with the political affairs of Europe. Our readers no doubt remember that he is the son of Prince Jerome and of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, whom the Prince married in 1804, when he visited the United States. The